

THE LIGUORIAN



*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St.
Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XXIX

MARCH, 1941

No. 3

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For Her First Communion

Now close your eyes, and fold your hands
And wish with all your heart,
For, shall we say, a tiny prince,
Abducting you by cart?

Or would you care to take the veil,
And be Christ's smallest spouse?
Or should I tell the stork to bring
A brother to your house?

Well, close your eyes, and fold your hands
That's it,—your lips apart.
And take, my dear, your Prince, your Spouse,
Your Brother, to your heart.

—F. Lee.

FATHER TIM CASEY

DUTY AND HEROISM

C. D. McENNIRY

MATT SKIFFY had dropped in at Monogue's for a friendly pipe with Uncle Dan. It was clear he was bursting with exciting news, none the less he made a desperate effort to appear calm and casual.

"Dan, me bye," he began when his tobacco was well lighted, "I just witnessed what was near bein' a fatal acciden' over beyant the bridge on Taylor Street."

"An accident, was it?" Uncle Dan was all attention.

"It was. The gas tank of a truck exploded and thrapped the driver in the cab. But didn't a hefty young lad, who just happened by, give wan lepp and smash the door and drag him out while you'd be sayin' Jack Robinson."

"Was the driver saved?"

"He was, thin. But another thirty seconds would have been the death of him. The young lad himself was badly burned about the hands and arrums and . . ."

"Wasn't that splendid!" cried Mary Rose, who had stopped to listen to the story. "I adore those heroes."

"Then, my girlie, you should adore me for putting on my hat and going to Mass of a Sunday morning," said Uncle Dan. "I'd be doing my simple duty. And the same is to be said of the lad that saved the truck driver."

"If 'twas his juty, he did it nobly. I'll say that for him." commented Matt.

"But, Uncle Dan," Mary Rose was insistent, "you do not mean that he *had* to do that — and get terribly burned?"

"If he didn't want the stain of sin on his soul, he had to. Doesn't our Blessed Lord command us to come to the aid of the neighbor in distress?"

"I know He gives the command, but does He intend it to go as far as you are stretching it? There must be some limits to what I am obliged to suffer myself in order to help my neighbor. If my neighbor were in need of — of — a loaf of bread, surely I should not be bound under pain of sin to break a leg in order to bring it to him."

"You would be bound to suffer two broken legs, even risk your life, if your neighbor was dying without baptism and none to administer it but yourself," Uncle Dan countered.

While Mary Rose hesitated for an answer, Matt Skiffy undertook the task of peace maker. "Meself," said Matt, "I'd not be bound to risk breakin' me neck goin' up a fifty-fut ladder for to snatch a child from the flames. But a fire laddie would. So mebbe 'tis that yer both right, aich according to the circumstances."

"**M**ATT has given the correct solution," said Father Casey. He and Mike Monogue, the master of the house, had heard the discussion and had come to join it.

"Yes, but what *are* the circumstances?" Mary Rose demanded somewhat testily. She had not forgiven Uncle Dan for the blunt way in which he had knocked her hero off his pedestal.

"That is a short question, Miss Monogue," the priest replied, "but it would call for a long answer."

"We'd be behoulden' to your Reverence an' ye'd give us the answer, so we'd get clear in our minds. 'Twill not weary us even though it is long — nor your Reverence ayther I thrust."

"There are those that say — God forgive them — that I never seem to grow weary no matter how long I talk especially in the pulpit. However that's neither here nor there. The question, I believe, is this: When are you bound under pain of sin to come to the aid of a neighbor in distress at the cost of inconvenience, personal injury or loss? Do I state your problem correctly?"

"You do, your Reverence."

"God in heaven is the common Father of all. Therefore every man is your brother and entitled to a brother's love. This brotherly love obliges you to suffer a lesser evil, when necessary, to save your brother from a much greater evil. That is the law."

"And fair and right it is," said Uncle Dan.

"But now," said Father Casey, "to apply it. Your brother in need of your help may be in spiritual need or in temporal need. And this need, whether temporal or spiritual, may be extreme or great or moderate. Am I clear?"

"The wurds are clear. But would ye mind exemplifying the meaning of them?"

"Take first, spiritual need. Your neighbor is in extreme spiritual need when, without your help, he cannot save his soul. For example, an unbaptized baby is dying with nobody to baptize it but you. That is extreme spiritual need. Secondly, your neighbor is in great (but not extreme) spiritual need of your help when, without it, he could indeed save his soul but only with great difficulty. For example, a non-Catholic whom, if you tried, you could induce to meet a priest and take a course of instructions. Thirdly, your neighbor is in moderate need of your help when it would simply make his salvation a little easier. With these distinctions before you, you can solve the various cases yourselves."

"The case of the baby," said Uncle Dan, "looks clear to me. If you let it die, and you doing nothing, it will be shut out of heaven forever. And so you must risk even your life to baptize it."

"Correct. Therefore we say: When your neighbor is in extreme spiritual need, you must help him even at the cost of great sacrifice, even at the risk of your life."

"And what about that non-Catholic, Father?" Mary Rose asked.

"You would be obliged under sin to help him too. However since he is not in extreme need, a serious difficulty would excuse you. Therefore we say: When your neighbor is in great (but not extreme) spiritual need you are bound to help him, provided you can do so without too much trouble."

"And the neighbor in moderate spiritual need?"

"You have no obligation of helping him unless you can easily do so, for he is well able to help himself. — So much for the neighbor in spiritual need. Now for the neighbor in temporal need."

"**F**ATHER, would you give us examples of temporal need — extreme, great, and moderate?"

"Your neighbor is in extreme temporal need when he is threatened with imminent death, or something as bad as death and cannot save himself. He is in great (but not extreme) need when he is threatened with death and can, strictly speaking, save himself, but only with great difficulty, or when he is threatened with some evil considerably less grievous than death from which he cannot save himself. He is in moderate need when he lacks necessary food or clothing but with serious effort he will be able to obtain it. The beggar you meet on the street may be in ordinary need."

"According to that the truck driver Matt told us about was in extreme temporal need, wasn't he, Father?"

"Yes, for without help he was unable to save himself from death."

"Was the young man obliged to help him even though he knew he would get badly burned?"

"Yes."

"Even if he knew it meant risking his own life?"

"No. The law may be stated thus: First, you are bound under sin to go to the aid of your neighbor in extreme temporal need even at the cost of great loss or suffering to yourself, but not at the risk of your own life or of something as precious as life. Secondly, if your neighbor is in great (but not extreme) temporal need you are bound to help him provided you can do so without too much difficulty. Thirdly, if the neighbor is in moderate temporal need you are not obliged to help him unless you can easily do so."

"That means then," said Mike Monogue, "that I would have to save the life of a perfect stranger or of a worthless fellow or of a personal enemy even though I knew it would entail bodily injuries that would confine me to the hospital for a couple of months — that I would commit a mortal sin if I didn't."

"Yes, provided you were not running the risk of being killed or permanently disabled."

"That looks hard. If I saw a fellowman in danger of death I would do everything possible to save him of course — every decent man would. But to say I am bound to under pain of mortal sin, that is what looks hard."

"The law of charity is so vital that it can, and in extraordinary circumstances does, oblige to what is extremely hard. It is the law that makes it possible for us to live together in this sad world. However even here it may not be so hard as it seems. Before you would be bound under sin to expose yourself to serious injury you would have to be certain, first, that the neighbor would perish without your help, secondly, that your help would be efficacious. Otherwise generosity might impel you to help him, but duty would not force you."

MATT had another doubt. "You were sayin', your Reverence, that the lad that axes ye for a dime for a cup of coffee is in moderate need, and if you can aisy help him ye should. Would that

mane if ye have another dime to spare?"

"I said the beggar one meets on the street *may* be in moderate need. Whether he is or not is doubtful. Doubtful too whether you ought to help him even if you have a dime to spare. Be that as it may with beggars on the street, there is no doubt that many poor people around you are in need — not merely moderate need, but great need. To them you are surely bound to give your spare dimes."

"How can we do that?"

"You are already doing it to a considerable extent by the taxes, direct or indirect, which you pay for poor relief. But that is not enough. Public, official aid falls far short of what is demanded by Christian charity. Many of your neighbors are still suffering great need, and, according to the principles just laid down, you are obliged to come to their aid as far as you reasonably can. Contribute to some of the works of pure charity, like the St. Vincent de Paul, or better still, seek out the poor of your neighborhood, visit them, comfort and encourage them by your friendship as well as by your money."

"There is still another point on which we would like to have a word from your Reverence," said Uncle Dan. "Matt here was saying that a fireman must risk his life to save a person from a burning building, but the principle you gave us says we must come to the aid of the neighbor in extreme need provided we can do so *without* risk to our own life. I dunno —"

"Matt was right. He said a fireman would be obliged to risk his life, but an ordinary person would not. The principles I have just given you hold for ordinary persons. The obligations are much stricter for those who have voluntarily accepted the official duty of helping those in need. A fireman, a policeman, for example, would be obliged to risk his life to help a person in need, not only in extreme need but even in great need that was not extreme. In like manner a parish priest would be obliged to risk his life to help one of his people in great spiritual need, even though that need was not extreme. This obligation goes with the office they hold in the community. It is required by the common good."

"I see," said Monogue, "our duties in the whole matter are clearly defined, not depending on whether we are feeling heroic or not."

"God's law deals with right and wrong, quite independently of the moods and whims of the moment," said Father Casey.

THREE GRADES OF CATHOLICS

D. F. MILLER

GRADE A

1. Takes one or more Catholic publications — at least a diocesan newspaper and one Catholic magazine, — and reads them.

2. Criticizes Catholic publications, but only to the editor and in a constructive way.

3. Judiciously chooses secular newspapers and magazines and does not accept without further inquiry their confused and false statements about religion and the Catholic Church.

4. Refuses to buy or look at secular publications that are off-color or bad.

5. Can answer intelligent questions and objections put to him about Catholic truth, or knows where to find the answer quickly.

6. Tries to spread a knowledge of Catholic publications by speaking of them, passing them on, etc.

7. Finds his faith growing stronger from year to year and more comforting the more he understands it.

GRADE B

1. Subscribes to one or the other Catholic publication under pressure, but never reads them.

2. Criticizes Catholic publications to friends and acquaintances, saying they are not worth reading but should be helped as a matter of charity.

3. Reads only secular newspapers and magazines and gets many doubts about faith because of things read there.

4. Does not buy bad magazines or papers, but cannot restrain curiosity to examine them when an opportunity is offered.

5. Is often made uncomfortable by questions put to him by non-Catholics because he does not know the answers or because he has to make up an answer that is usually inaccurate.

6. Never praises a Catholic publication to anyone else for any reason whatsoever.

7. Finds faith growing weaker from year to year, and less and less capable of solving the problems with which he is faced.

GRADE C

1. Neither subscribes for nor reads any Catholic magazine or newspaper.

2. Criticizes and condemns all Catholic publications in general to everybody, saying they are worthless.

3. Reads only secular newspapers and magazines and believes whatever they have to say against Catholic faith.

4. Buys and reads bad magazines and offers them to others as smart, funny and amusing.

5. Not only does not have an answer for questions or objections to things Catholic, raised by non-Catholics, but adds new objections to theirs that are just as ignorant or misinformed.

6. Shows actual contempt for Catholic publications whenever an opportunity arises.

7. Finds that whatever faith he once possessed is eventually smothered and lost.

WHAT'S IN AN IRISH NAME?

March is truly the "Marching Month" for the Irish, when St. Patrick's feast calls them out to demonstrate their loyalty and their faith. Yet even without the marching, their names tell a story that will never die.

F. J. O'NEILL

WHEN the famous parade of the policemen on St. Patrick's day is proceeding through the central streets of New York, no man in his right senses would step up to one of the participants and ask him if he was ashamed of his Irish name. For answer this earnest enquirer after truth would probably receive a fairly heavy tap on the head with a billy. The same answer would almost certainly be given to the question: "Aren't you ashamed of being a Catholic?"

The reason is, of course, as everybody knows, that in every true Irishman there is a fascinating combination of two traits: love of combat in any shape or form; and a tender and indestructible love of his religion.

When St. Patrick preached the faith in Ireland, he preached to men with names like the following: *Blosdach*, which means "the strong smashing one," *Brian* — "the one of great strength," *Donnoch* — "the brown warrior," *Brandubh* — "the fierce black raven," *Diarmuid* — "the godlike warrior," *Cathal* — "the one of great battles," *Ardgal* — "the one of great valour," *Angus* — "the one of great strength."

No page of history is more glorious than that which tells how St. Patrick implanted the faith in the fierce and proud spirits of the Irish. Their fierceness in conquering enemies he changed into fierceness in conquering themselves. The pride of their nobility and name and great deeds, he changed into a deep reverence of God, God's mother, and the angels and saints.

Perhaps nowhere can we read the story better than in the names the Irish began to take from the time of their conquest for Christ. Though the names of the old heroes were still handed down, God and Mary and the angels and saints began to displace the old heroes not only in the hearts of the people, but also in their names, so that today, despite the loss of many throughout the centuries, there still remain some 200 of these names, all testifying the love of the Irish for the Saints, and the change St. Patrick had wrought in them.

IT ALL started with the clerics whom St. Patrick gathered around him. When a cleric became attached to a certain church, for instance, St. Patrick's, he took the name of "servant of St. Patrick," and called himself "Giolla Padraic"; or the "servant of Mary," which became the other Gaelic form "Maiol Mhuire."

When that molten lava stream of barbarian peoples flowed over Europe and destroyed much of the art and culture which had been building up through the centuries, scholars and students flocked to Ireland from Britain, France, Germany, Rome and even the East. They attached themselves to some monastery, and took its name just as the clerics had done before them. Soon the people native to Ireland began to do the same thing. A man would be called by his friends not by his own name, but by the name "Maiol Mhuire" — devotee of Mary, perhaps by his own choice or because his friends recognized his devotion to the Mother of God.

The descendants of such a man would, of course, keep the name he had chosen. But before the name they would place the prefix: "O" or "Mac," signifying "descendant of." Thus the son of "Maiol Mhuire" would be called "MacMaiol Mhuire".

Some of these names as we have them today are rather hard to recognize, since changes have taken place in the course of time which leave us with only the rough and ready phonetic equivalents of the original Irish name. Many of these phonetic changes came about in penal times, when the Irish forfeited their lands and possessions rather than give up their faith. Since in those circumstances, there was much public recording to be done, and many of the public recorders spelled entirely by ear, it is not surprising that oftentimes we find several forms of the same name, each quite different from the others.

An interesting case is that of MacGiolla Cuda, meaning "a descendant of a devotee of St. Mochuda." This Saint has two names, Mochuda (my Cuda) as a personal name, probably; and Cartach or Carthy (Latinized to Carthagus) as the name of his clan. The name fell strangely on English ears, and they softened it down to MacGillicuddy, MacElcuddy, MacElhuddy, and, apparently, MacElligott. Thence it was an easy step to MacElliott and Elliott. I suppose it would be difficult to convince the Irish cop named O'Mally that the original form of his name was O'Maiol Mhuire — "son of the servant of Mary."

From Dia (meaning God) we have Gilday, Gildea, Kilday, O'Day

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and O'Dea, all meaning "servant of God" or "son of the servant of God." Our Lord's name appears in various combinations, all meaning "servant of Christ" or "son of a servant of Christ." Thus Coimdhe (Lord) survives (believe it or not) in MacGilcarry, MacIlharry, and even McHenry. Christ (the Gaelic Chriost) is found in Mylechrist, Gilchreest, Gilchrist, Kilchrist. Jesus (the Gaelic Iosa) appears in the names MacAleese, MacIise, MacLeish, Gillies, Gilleece, Gillis.

OUR Blessed Mother, whose name in Gaelic, Mhuire, is pronounced "Wirra" (so often used as an exclamation in Irish plays) finds a place in the names Mullery, Mulry, Mulroy, Moyler and Meyler; as well as in MacElmurry, Kilmurry, Kilmarry, Gilmary and Gilmore.

The Irish have their trinity of beloved Saints: Patrick, Brigid, and Columkille, and their traces are found in various Irish names. Padraic or Patraic give us Kilpatrick, Gilpatrick, MacElfpatrick and MacElderick. St. Brigid lingers in Mulbride, MacGilbride, MacBride and Kilbride. Columkille is found in the present popular Scotch name, Malcolm, which is the Gaelic MaiolColm — "servant of Columkille"; also in Mulholm, Maholm, MacElhone, MacColum. Translated into English, the name suffers terribly, for Colm which in Gaelic means dove, becomes the English name "Pidgeon."

The saints in general had their followers; the Gaelic word for Saints — Naohm — survives in MacElney and MacAneave, (sometimes spelled McAvenue). Michael was the favorite angel, as witness the many names like Mulvihill, Mulville, Mulverhill, and MacGil-michael. Saints Peter and Paul (Pedair and Poil) have been commemorated in such forms as Mullpeters, Gilfeather, Gilfoyle and Kilfoyle. St. John is picturesquely called in Gaelic Eoin Bruinne — "John of the Bosom," and his name survives in Malone, O'Malone, Maglone, MacAloone, MacLoone and Gilloon.

St. Martin of Tours was a favorite, though the names Kilmartin and Gilmartin alone remain to commemorate him. There were two St. Finians, one of Clonard and one of Moville, both greatly renowned. Their names are hardly recognizable in the Anglicized forms of MacAleenan, MacAlinnion, MacLennon, MacClennan, Lennon, Glennon, Gleenan and Gilfinnen.

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Many names are from Saints less well known to us; a few of them follow. Mullarkey is from St. Erc, the Bishop of Slane in Meath. O'Melaghan, MacLoughlin, Loughlin, Laffin and Claffin are descended from devotees of St. Seachlann, better known as St. Secundinus. The Mullalys and Lallys were devotees of St. Alladh, whose name was given to his see, Killala. St. Cellach also gave his name to his see—Kilkelly, and the Kilkellys and Kellys are named after him, as well as the Callaghans, which is the diminutive form (Cellachagan).

SO, YOU see, there's a reason for that gigantic St. Patrick's day parade in New York. McGinnis and Kelly and O'Donnell and Malone and the rest of them have a right to be proud of thier names, and it's a spalpeen that would want to prevent them from showing it.

Slight Understatement

Amongst the accomplishments of the blitzkrieg in Holland was the fall of the city of Rotterdam. It was conquered from the air. Immediately afterwards the statement was given out that only 300 people were killed. To commemorate these dead the pastor of a large parish in the city held a memorial service. In his sermon he said:

"We are here to pray for those who have died of violence in this city. But before we pray for all the dead, let us pray first for the dead of our own congregation. In all Rotterdam 300 people have been killed. Let us pray for the 1300 of this 300 that we of this church knew personally."

The pastor was sent to a concentration camp.

Faith of a Lad

An eleven-year-old English boy recently addressed this letter to Cardinal Hinsley, as reported in the London Catholic Herald: "Dear Cardinal Hinsley:—I send you this very small offering to help pay for the damage done by German bombers. We have had raids (in Middelborough) too, but nothing has been as bad as London. It should be us doing hard penance instead of the Holy Father Pope Pius Twelfth. If all bad Catholics had faith in God it would stop. . . . I will give all my pocket money to you to help get new churches."

REFLECTIONS ON NEWSPAPERS

Some things that the "higher learning" doesn't teach one — unless one realizes how much of the "higher learning" misses the well-known forest for the trees.

E. F. MILLER

MY FIRST recollections of newspapers have to do with kitchen floors.

It was the inviolable custom in the house of my youth that on Saturday afternoon, as a kind of climactic closing of the domestic activities of the week, the kitchen floor should be scrubbed and burnished. There were other days, I am sure, when this same process went on; but for some reason or other the one that took place on Saturday afternoon holds firmest in my memory. Well, when the scrubbing was over, my mother was wont to place newspapers on the shining product of her labor, and in almost the same breath to command her children, trooping in from the earth outside (and generally with a quantity of the same earth on their feet) to be gingerly in their steps and cautious in the path they picked lest by walking where they would instead of where they should they might make her work in vain. The picture of the daily papers rendering such yeoman service remains fastened in my memory as though it were a fact of unparalleled importance.

It is quite certain that my mother, in so disposing of the papers, did not realize *per se* and consciously that she was exhibiting a sharp acumen in adjudging values. She was entirely unmindful of the fact that she was symbolizing the *real* place (if not the proper place) of the newspaper in the scheme of modern society. To her there could be no more logical position for the daily paper than on the floor. The books in the library case were not for the floor; neither were the rags in the basement. But the papers were. For this she saved them. And none could prove to her that thereby she was wrong.

Let not the impression be given that my mother was against newspapers. To my knowledge she was not against anything that was good, or at least indifferent. And newspapers were good. Did they not serve her floor? And let not the impression be given that my mother was opposed to the printed word. She did her share of reading and was

heard to quote on occasion no other than Tom Moore, and even Dean Swift. Her taste was large and at the same time innate — unspoiled in its native sharpness by the higher learning. The fact of the matter was, she saw nothing in *The Northwest Beacon* and *The Southwest Blabber* worth reading, certainly nothing worth remembering. While undoubtedly there were articles here and there that caught her fancy and bits of literary writing that attracted her attention (as would the sight of a blooming palm tree in the desert suddenly looming up before the burning eyes of a traveler), still taken by and large, to her most newspapers contained very little in the way of mental nourishment or even relaxation that could feed the interest of a reasoning man.

In this she showed the same wisdom as the Latins, for of all the others the Latins seemed to appreciate the full value of the newspaper most. The Latin language calls the newspaper *ephemerides*, which means something having no more bottom than a broken sieve and no more meaning than a whitewashed wall. It is simply a one word paraphrase of an old expression, to wit, that there is nothing deader than yesterday's paper. No man would think of carrying even today's paper with him when he leaves a train; it remains in the seat, or under the seat with the rest of the debris that the journey gathered. No man would consider for a moment, if he were in his right senses, the binding into book form of all the editions that in the course of years came into his home. No. The newspaper comes with a rush, and goes with the wind, and no trace of its inky passage can ever be found — outside of the newspaper offices themselves and dusty cellars.

MY MOTHER was somewhat unique in her attitude. Many folks took no such stand. They seemed to think that they were really getting something when the newsboy made his rounds. If the paper did not come on a certain evening, they immediately called up the office and demanded to know the reason. Furthermore, they demanded that a messenger be sent out at once with the missing paper. They wouldn't have known what to do with that hour before bedtime if they didn't have their rumors, suppositions, possible facts and probable fancies, their Dick Tracy and Moon Mullins, with which to while it away.

Not so my mother. "What!" she would insinuate. "Do you really think that the daily paper is an accomplishment of our highly polished times? What are your reasons for so thinking? Size is it? *The Journal*

has 2,000,000 subscribers? What of that? Size as size means nothing. New York is not necessarily a better city than New Haven just because it is a bigger city. Marshall Field is not necessarily a better place to shop than Herpolsheimer's, our own department store, just because it covers more ground. And *The Journal* is assuredly not a whit more deserving of a place above the kitchen floor merely because it has 2,000,000 subscribers. If one paper is not much good, then 2,000,000 papers are 2,000,000 times worse." This was not said in so many words; but the implication was there only to be read.

It is the way of the simple (by that word we mean those who are far better educated than some of the best instructed) to evaluate persons and things according to their true stature. A cursory glance, a quick perusal will substantiate an intuitive yet correct appraisal of a *res* before them. While others with numerous degrees and many credits to their credit will spend weary hours in arriving at a proper judgment of a phenomenon that truly exists but which has no reason for existing, these guileless souls will strike the mark with all the accuracy of a master marksman, and that at once. Their eyes are not blinded by the fakes and imitations with which a civilization like ours abounds. They see right through the imitations, and discern the truth.

I do not mean to say that my mother's judgment rested only on intuition. She had her reasons for her stand. Were she to put them into words, they would most likely read something like this.

There is the fact that newspapers hold a mighty power in their fragile hands which apparently they are unable to administer. Reputations can be made and just as rapidly unmade by a careless line of print. Homes can be broken; lives ruined. Mr. Smith may be a good man, a loyal citizen and a model father. But let him take a drink or two beyond his capacity, let him drive his car and be found in his distress, even though his intoxication extend hardly beyond a perfumed breath, the farthest reaches of influence must be found to free him from the gossip of the town, dutifully furnished by *The Morning Blade*. Good names can become very cheap where ink is cheap.

On points like this editors who think that ethics is a game like chess can become decidedly confused. They can fall into the common error that anything which happens is printable. They can join the ranks of those unthinking ones from whose lips are always ascending lamentations about the freedom or lack of freedom of the press. It does not take

very much. Just a lack of thorough education; just a misunderstanding on the meaning of religion; just a narrow bias or prejudice — and “we can print anything we want” can become their slogan.

Again it can be through the press that ignorant and unimportant people are made the like of kings and queens. Wrestlers, ecdysiasts, vulgarians, athletes — all the colorless minions of mediocrity whose only claim to glory is publicity can be made from nothing into everything by the simple expedient of a morning edition and appropriate pictures. And the public will be led to burn the incense of fan letters and autograph books before them. Were it not for the papers these manufactured great ones would rest in their bin with the rest of the lemons and their total lack of lustre would never be made known to the world.

ON THE other hand, great people — scientists, philosophers, true actors and actresses can be thrown from their rightful pinnacles and forgotten by the public by the mere turning of a phrase or the dropping of a word. Though it be their vocation to lead in their own particular field of endeavor, though they be the *only* ones who really have the talent to lead to higher and better things, it can be the sentence of a newspaper that they fall into the ranks and follow those who cannot even lead themselves, much less the rest of men. And that sentence infallibly will be carried out.

My mother was not shortsighted enough to behold every newspaper misusing its tremendous power. But she knew that many of them did, and thereby brought much grief into the world. But even though they were lily white in this regard, there were other reasons justifying her disdain.

Much of the news in the newspaper was not worth a great deal. Written in the style known as journalese and lacking most of the qualities that could give it at least some suggestion of literature, it told the people of New York about a man out in California who fell off a ladder and broke a kneecap, and the people of California about a girl in New York who starved in a garret in order to get a job in a leg-show on Broadway. Columnists spun long columns of print on such highly uninteresting topics as so and so walking down the street, and so and so being seen in a night club. Furthermore, the obvious was belabored until it cried out for mercy. Thus when it snowed, the paper announced that it snowed; when it rained, the paper announced that it rained. The

temperature, the state of the sky, the presence or absence of wind — all these and many more like them were given proper space as though they were announcements of general interest and deep significance. Records were ransacked and weather bureaus searched for data. And then there would appear the startling statement that in 1891 the sun beat brighter on the heads of folks than it did in 1941.

No, there was nothing that everybody knew that the paper would not print. The event that everybody did not know, the paper generally did not know either. And when it tried to tell a story about it anyway, it got tangled up a thousand different ways. Witness the Spanish war for first hand evidence. The result of it all was, that people simply didn't believe the paper any more. "You can't believe what you see in the paper" became as common an expression as "Good Morning."

It may be that my mother saw so little worth-while news in the news items for the simple reason that she saw in all of them no pointed purpose, no cause for their narration except the cause of their having happened. If many indifferent stories support a certain philosophy of life; if all the stories have some relationship, one with the other, then their accumulation takes on rational meaning. But it seemed apparent that the purpose of the newspaper was to deal with scattered, logically incoherent "Events," the only connection being contemporaneity. To the logical mind this was odious beyond sufferance.

BUT there was another reason for the condemnation of the reportorial aspect of the daily paper. It was this. The news items that were not uncertain or inane were sensational. I am certain that my mother was not acquainted with Ben Hecht, the well-known newspaper man. But I am also certain that his sentiments were and still are her own. He said one day in PM: "A good city editor's day-dream of a front page is three millionaire suicides in an anti-Roosevelt pact, the murder of two dowagers in the Colony restaurant, by, let us say, some foreign ambassador, and a bomb explosion in the United States Supreme Court. As a human interest filip he might add an item about Wendell Willkie trying to make a comeback in the public eye by breaking the flagpole sitting record." That was supposed to be an editor's dream. Unfortunately it was often the reality. It was not enough that there were murders on our street, robberies in our homes, and crimes of every kind shooting out of our soil like decadent weeds, but

the newspapers had to reconstruct them so that inhibited individuals could re-enact them, and humane people be made to suffer from them every time they read the paper.

As to the advertisements in the papers — well, they would pass away when the wind changed. They were insignificant. However, my mother thought that they were not entirely a good thing; her reason rested in the purpose of advertising. This purpose without a doubt was to create wants, to make people aware of articles that they *could* use, but which they would never even think of were it not for the fact that their attention was everlastingly called to them by the omnipresent announcements in the papers. It is very questionable whether this is good for man, and my mother knew it. Acquisitive by nature, man is already too full of wants and desires to be happy; and a victim of the Fall in the Garden, he is forever in a turmoil about the things that are really worth-while wanting. He is all mixed up. While he wants heaven insofar as he wants perfect happiness, he has lost sight of the real heaven. He has confused the real heaven with all kinds of soaps and salves and facial creams and a multitude of other trinkets and trivia that one can get in a department store and which he thinks will bring him perfect peace and contentment. When one after the other fails in satisfying his desires, he arrives at the point of perpetual misery. Wanting always, and ever having those wants fulfilled with substitutes is an unnerving experience.

St. Francis of Assisi taught by his life that the only way to happiness is the way of voluntary poverty, or detachment from superfluous wants. Evidently the newspapers had not learned this. Surely it was not a question of money with them, that is, they did not advertise only to assure themselves of a regular income. No American would have as little civic spirit as that.

LASTLY my mother must have analyzed the feature department of the newspaper, and given it its proper rating. She saw that many of the feature articles dealt with the love-lorn, the homely and fading, the young and frivolous, and all the queers and quacks who seek wisdom in a multitude of matters that don't really matter. For these she did not have much time, although she would have liked to meet one of those persons who settled a vital question of life on advice received in the column on the Green Sheet. I am sure it would have been an interesting meeting.

Now, far be it from me, I repeat, to leave the impression that my mother saw absolutely no good in the daily papers. She did see good in them, even in their writing. Besides a lot of men were put to work who might otherwise have been on farms tending the cattle and drinking fresh milk. Then too every city that was big enough to crowd people into slum districts could point with pride to a fine building that had been erected out of the pennies cast to paper boys on downtown corners. To put men to work even though they were to produce nothing of lasting value was worthy of praise; and to raise buildings to the sky even though the buildings were given over to the manufacture of nothing of lasting value was a deed that deserved mention in the city chronicles. Thus it could not be said that the mass production of vapid nothings by which 20th century civilization was characterized was entirely in vain.

It is a certain fact that people of future generations will agree with my mother. When they poke through the ruins of our mighty buildings, and coming upon a corner stone, uncover its century old newspapers, and read them, they will shake their heads and then smile sagely. It will be something for the historians. But it will take the historians quite a while to interpret their findings, for in all probability there won't be anything then to match the inanity of now.

New Religions

Some interesting facts appear out of the religious census of the country taken by the government not long ago. In the ten years from 1926 to 1936, adherents to Protestant sects decreased in number by more than half a million, and yet during the same period the number of new sects which sprang up was forty. Many of these new sects, whatever their faults, cannot be accused of not being picturesque in their choice of a name. Here are some samples: "Duck River and Kindred Associations of Baptists," "Church of Daniel's Band," "Two-Seed-In-The-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists," "Fire Baptized Holiness Church of the Americas," "National David Spiritual Temple of Christ Church Union," "Defenceless Mennonites of North America," and finally, this magnificent effort: "House of God, Holy Church, of the Living God, the Pillar and Ground of Truth, House of Prayer for all People."

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

Perhaps the greatest trial of illness, apart from pain itself, is that of loneliness. The shut-in feels so desperately alone at times. He hears the voices and the laughter of others as they work together, play together, gather together. He sees them united in scores of different ways—in their plans, in their endeavors, in their accomplishments. But being a shut-in, he is left to struggle with his affliction alone. Others may visit him and try to comfort him in various ways; they cannot take up part of his burden and carry it themselves.

For the bearing of this trial there is no means more apt than a deepening of his realization of the dogma of the Communion of Saints. If he has faith, he knows that the invisible realities of the supernatural realm are far more solid than the visible things of the world that passes. Among those invisible realities is the firm union that obtains between all the saints of God: those rejoicing in heaven, those expiating their last faults in purgatory, those still struggling towards heaven on earth. All these are bound together by a constant interchange of thought, love and merit; their cooperation is far more effective than that of human beings pursuing purely earthly ends together.

So the shut-in is not alone. His membership in the Communion of Saints is one of special honor—it is of a kind that makes him the special concern of the saints in glory and the souls in purgatory. For the former have suffered as he is suffering and they do not want him to miss the rapture of their reward. The latter are one with him in the fellowship of present suffering, only theirs is more intense, and they are praying that his lesser suffering will spare him much that they must endure. And these are looking to him also for a tiny share in the merit that his sufferings still garner, while they can merit no more.

Consciousness of these things will diminish loneliness till it will hardly be felt at all. It will people a sick room with the company of the blessed, who will be smiling their encouragement in every difficult hour. It will bring to the ears of the shut-in the voices of the suffering souls, which will alternate between pleas for help and reminders that no trial on earth is like that trial by fire in which every fault must be purged away. These are companionships that the world with all its noise and activity can never give.

ETCHINGS FROM LIFE

CONTRASTS IN LENT

L. F. HYLAND

THE three men walked into the Hotel Stoddard Grill room and handed over their expensive coats and stylish hats to the check room girl. The head-waiter, sensing important patronage, led them to a desirable table. They sat down and, after a word or two to the others, one of them ordered cocktails for all.

While they sipped the cocktails, they talked business. It was evident from their conversation that one of them was an out-of-town representative of a large concern to whom the other two were trying to sell a big order of some kind of goods. It was not evident by anything said that he was also a Catholic.

The day was Wednesday — Wednesday in Lent. They were interrupted in their cocktails and conversation by the waiter, who came and stood beside the table, pad in hand and pencil poised. The one who had ordered the cocktails now began to order the meal.

He ordered soup and salad and relish and vegetables. Then he added: "And of course, three sirloin steaks, medium rare."

"Wait a minute," said the out-of-town guest. "Make mine —"

"Prefer yours well done?" asked the man who had ordered.

"No, but I really shouldn't, that is, I don't care about having meat today."

"Why not? They're famous for their steaks here."

"Yes, but this is Lent, you see, and I'm a Catholic, and Catholics aren't supposed —"

"Nonsense," said the spokesman. "We're all Catholics, but we can't be bothered with all those rules and regulations about what we should eat." Then to the waiter: "Three steaks, medium rare."

"Oh, all right," said the guest. "If you'll have it, I guess I can have it too."

"You bet. . . . Now as I was saying," the chief talker went on, "there'll be plenty in it for you if you give us this order. I don't mean only the business you'll get. We'll see that you are taken care of, won't we, Frank? . . . Waiter, another cocktail."

* * *

"It was a tough day at the office," said the partially bald father and provider as the family dinner drew to an end. "I'll have to take it easy tonight."

The family was used to this statement or its equivalent. It was customary for the mother and children to go to church on Friday nights during Lent. They used to ask him to go along. At first he would grumblingly go once in a while. Then he would excuse himself when they asked him. Now he had progressed to the point where he would begin to build up the excuses before he was asked. It did not occur to him that his wife worked about five times as hard as he did during the day. He had "tough days" at the office, and they were always on Friday during Lent.

The family went off and he was left alone, comfortably stretched out in an easy chair under a reading lamp. He was not there ten minutes when the telephone rang.

"This is John," said the voice. "How about coming over? Some of the boys are here and we can hit it up."

"Sure," said the tired father and provider. "Sure thing. Be right over. Don't drink up everything before I arrive."

When he got back home the family was long asleep. . . . The next day was really a "tough day" at the office. . . . But not because of any work he had to do.

* * *

The rather corpulent lady had had a very pleasant afternoon with the members of the executive committee of the Women's Welfare League. They had planned their next activity, a dance and party for the Home for the Aged. They had conversed about the political, international and local social situations with reserve and dignity. It was now time for refreshments and parting.

The rather corpulent lady was known to have gone on a number of temporary reducing diets in the past. They were accompanied by adamant determination and unconquerable steadfastness — for a time. Always they had petered out after a few weeks and the tendency toward corpulency had begun to operate again.

This happened to be a day in Lent. The last reducing diet had run out weeks before. It made all her friends so much happier not to have "Lana" turning down everything they could offer her except tea. They did not mind her being a little fat. Neither did they mind her being a Catholic.

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The refreshments came — dainty little ham and cheese sandwiches, delicious little sweet cakes in all colors and shapes, and tea. Little cries of visual pleasure echoed about the room, and then well-bred comments of gustatory pleasure followed. Lana remembered quite well hearing that it was unlawful to eat between meals during Lent when one had no excuse from fasting.

The hostess stood before her with the well-stocked tray. While she hesitated, the munching ladies near her offered encouragement. "They are simply heavenly, Lana." "You can be grateful you are not on a diet today." "You'll want the recipe when you taste them."

Lana reflected that if only she were on a diet, how easy it would be to keep the law of Lenten fasting. But she wasn't on a diet. She reached out and took a sandwich and a cake. . . .

* * *

The young man's girl asked him to drive her to church the first Saturday evening of Lent that she might go to confession. He himself could not see any reason for going more often than once or twice a year, so he sat out in the car and waited for her. She was not in church more than fifteen minutes.

"There were not many there," she said when she came out. "It didn't take very long tonight."

Two weeks later she asked for the same thing. This time he walked into the church with her and sat in the last pew waiting. He noticed that there were not more than half a dozen persons lined up before any one one confessional. When she finished her prayers and came to him where he sat, she whispered: "Why don't you go? It will take only a few minutes."

"I'll wait," he said.

He waited. He waited till Holy Saturday evening. She went with him to the church but this time she had to do the waiting. She had gone to confession a few days before at a convenient and not too busy hour.

And what a wait she had. There was a line of people before each confessional that stretched back almost to the doors of the church. She saw her friend fidgeting, moving from one foot to the other, getting more and more restless as he slowly drew nearer his turn.

When he finally left the church with the girl it was with peevish complaints on his lips. "It's a wonder they wouldn't have enough priests to take care of a crowd like this. . . . Why can't these priests rush

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people out faster when there are so many? . . . It's enough to make a fellow sick and tired of confession."

"Maybe," said the girl, not without a barb, "they were all people who hadn't gone to confession for a year or so, and who waited till now."

BOWERY ANGEL

Here, from the *Ave Maria*, is a story that will warm anybody's heart:

"From nine in the morning until eleven at night Mazie P. Gordon is ticket-seller at a Bowery movie house and, when occasion warrants, a 'bouncer' also. At such moments Mazie's language is a trifle below the river-front level. It is the only language she knows, the only language which the patrons of her establishment seem to respect. But here is the most interesting part of the picture. When eleven o'clock comes and her thirteen-hour stretch at the window is over, Mazie suddenly transforms herself into a Bowery Angel. With her over-sized purse filled with nickels and dimes and quarters, she begins poking around vacant doorways and alleys, looking for her beloved derelicts. Hers is a long road with many a turning, but when the first grey light of dawn peeks through the deserted streets Mazie climbs the steps to her modest quarters with a happy heart. Her pocketbook is empty and she is poorer by from three to fifteen dollars. But her derelicts are in safe havens with blankets over them, substantial meals in the offing and even a free movie in prospect for some of them, if they come with clean faces and behave during the performance. Mazie loves priests and Nuns, to whom she goes when she has a particularly hard case, just as they come to her when they have need of some missionary work which a priest or a Nun cannot handle. Mazie is not a Catholic. She is a big-hearted Jewess, with a Bowery accent, a sailor's vocabulary, a 'bouncer's' efficiency, and the heart of a missionary."

Important Notice

Positively no more baptizing in my pasture. Twice here in the last two months my gate has been left open by Christian people, and before I chase my heifers all over the country again, all the sinners can go to hell. (From a small Mississippi paper.)



PRAYER OF POPE PIUS XII FOR PEACE

O, Our Father Who art in Heaven, turn Thy Gaze towards Christ Thy Son. Behold the crimson marks of His wounds, to which He was brought by His love for us and His obedience to Thee, through which He ever wished to be our Advocate and Peacemaker. O Jesus Our Saviour, speak to Thy Father for us, intercede with Him for us, for Thy Church, for all men who have been won by Thy Blood. O peace-bringing King, O prince of Peace, Thou who hast the keys of life and death, grant the peace of eternal rest to the souls of all the faithful who have been swept to their death in this whirlwind of war, and have been known and unknown, wept and unwept, and buried beneath the ruins of cities and villages destroyed, or have met their deaths on gory plains, or war-torn hillsides, in gorges and valleys or in the depths of the sea.

May Thy purifying Blood descend on them in their pains to wash their mantles and render them worthy and bright in Thy blessed sight. O loving Comforter of the afflicted, who didst weep at the tears of Martha and Mary, desolate for their brother, grant peace and consolation, resignation and health to those poor people who are overcome by the sorrows and tribulations of war's calamities, to exiles, to refugees, to unknown wanderers, to prisoners and to the wounded who trust in Thee.

Dry the tears of wives, mothers, orphans, of whole families, of so many left destitute—heavy tears falling on their bread of sorrow, eaten after long fast in cold hovels—bread divided between children who often have been brought to Thy altars in a little Church to pray for father or elder brother, dead, perhaps, or wounded or missing.

Console them all with divine gifts and with those helps and that effective charitable relief which Thou canst suggest to kindly souls who recognize in the afflicted and unfortunate their brothers and love them as Thy image. Give to the combatants, together with heroism in fulfillment of their duty, even to the supreme sacrifice in defense of their native land, that noble sense of humanity by which they will not, no matter in what circumstances, do to others anything which they would not have done to themselves or their country. O Lord, may the charity of Thy Divine Spirit reign and triumph over the world. May the peace of concord and justice among nations be restored. May our prayers be acceptable and welcome to Thy meek and humble heart. May the numbers and devotion of Holy Sacrifices which the Church, Thy Spouse, on bended knees, offers, Priest and Victim eternally, to Thy Divine Father, render Thee propitious toward us. Thou hast words which penetrate and overcome hearts, which enlighten intellects, which assuage anger and extinguish hates and revenge. Speak that word which will still the storm, which will heal the sick, which is light to the blind and hearing to the deaf and life to the dead.

Peace among men, which Thou desirest, is dead. Bring it back to life, O Divine Conqueror of death. Through Thee at least may the land and sea be calmed. May whirlwinds, that in the light of day or in the dark of night scatter terror, fire, destruction and slaughter on humble folk, cease. May justice and charity on one side and on the other be in perfect balance, so that all injustice be repaired, the reign of right restored, and all discord and rancour be banished from men's minds. And may there arise, and gather strength in contemplation of a new and harmonious prosperity, true and well-ordered peace that will permanently unite as brothers, through the ages, in harmonious search of high good, all peoples of the human race in Thy sight. Amen.

Indulgence of 500 days. Tablet, Jan. 1941.

SWEET SEVENTEEN

How love flourishes in the rain, the spring, and the tediousness of the classroom! How love meets the grim realities of life and (sometimes) solves them!

E. F. MILLER

IT WAS the kind of a day that would bring any right-thinking man to thoughts of marriage, cozy homes and solid comfort — especially if the right-thinking man was seventeen years old, a senior in high school, captain of the basketball team, six feet tall and 150 pounds of pure muscle, and in love with the neatest little trick in the whole school. This girl was a senior too, besides being a snappy dresser, a good looker and as up-to-the-minute as they come. Her name was Marion. His name was Jerry.

The weather was responsible for bringing things to a head. The day was one of those drizzly things that makes its appearance in early March and drips moisture from morning to night. The snow was going fast, but not fast enough. Soggy patches of it still clung to open spaces, and blackened ice cluttered up the gutters. The sun hadn't been out, it seemed, in weeks. It was the sort of day that makes a man feel lonesome. He wants a good friend to whom he can talk about serious things like life and stuff; and he wants a comfortable little home that he can call his own, with soft lights and a fireplace which he can sit before in his slippered feet, those feet having been slippered by that friend with whom he can talk about serious things like life and stuff.

That's the way Jerry's mind was working as he sat in room 331 and listened to a bit of talk on sociology and causes that break up the home. It wasn't very interesting, the way it was being put up. What do Sisters know about all that anyway? Besides he didn't believe all that this Sister was saying. The world wasn't as bad as she was making it out to be. You could tell that she didn't have much experience, poor thing. Homes didn't break up if they were built on love. The trouble was, there wasn't enough love in the world. Now take himself for example. He was in love. . . .

In love. He sat up straight. By cracky, he *was* in love! It was the first time he really thought of it that way. Of course, he had liked

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Marion all along. She was a swell girl—good home, decent manners, common sense; and there wasn't a dance in the last two years that he hadn't taken her to. But to be in love! That was something else again. A vision of his girl swept before him—sweet little face, red lips, plucked eyebrows, blue eyes, curls, low-heeled shoes, natty dress, and all the rest that made her up. He saw the house and the fireplace. He saw himself warming his toes before the cheerful blaze after a hard day at the office. And he saw his wife, fragrant as a rose, stooping beside him and gently fitting a slipper on each foot.

Now that was something. His *wife*! Sounded kind of funny; but there it was. It was about time he was doing something about that—about his future. Seventeen years old is not infancy anymore. It's a sign that the things of childhood should be put aside, and a man's work begun. If he didn't look out, he'd be an old man before he knew it. And then what? A life of emptiness and loneliness; a room in some boarding house; a pool room or a bowling alley for his hangout. That would never do. He'd get busy right now. He'd see Marion as soon as school let out, and he'd . . .

MARION was across the corridor in room 329, listening to a lecture on home economics. They practiced so many hours a week, and they spent so many hours in listening. This was one of the listening hours. It was all very tiresome. Sisters had a lot of nerve trying to teach things like that—keeping a budget in the kitchen, preparing proper food for tired working men, fixing up diets for babies and so on. What did they know about it, locked up in a convent all day the way they were? They'd change a few of their ideas if they were out in the world a little while.

Besides she was itching to get out her mirror and have a look at her face. She just felt that there was a pimple on her nose. Maybe too her lips needed a little retouching. But the nun up there at the front of the room was death on that sort of thing during class. She made the girls sit up so straight that they all got backaches. And if anyone slumped down so that half an inch of their knees showed, she was on them like a hawk.

It wasn't fair. What would Jerry think if he saw her not at her best after class? He'd crack wise and everybody would get a laugh. Not that she cared what the rest thought; but she did care what Jerry

thought. He was a grand-looking fellow, and knew his way around. They all had respect for him all right. And could he play basketball! He reminded her a lot of Robert Taylor. It surely would be fine to have him for a boss instead of that old nun who didn't know what she was talking about — especially when she tried to give advice on how boys and girls should conduct themselves when they were out together. He'd be sweet and gentle — and something to be proud of. He'd make a fine husband.

She started. A *husband*! She blushed. What was she thinking of? You have to be in love to get a husband. She looked out the window. The sky was leaden, and rain was drifting down through the fog. The trees out on the street looked as though they were about to give up and fall over. Imagine what it would be like to get out of all this . . . a little home out in the country some place, with vines on the walls, and flower gardens in the yard and perpetual sunshine. No more school; no more fussy nuns. And Jerry! There he was again. He popped into her thoughts like a jack in the box. In fact he was in her thoughts just about all the time of late. Maybe she was in love with him. But no. There wasn't any *maybe* about it at all. She *was* in love with him. She closed her eyes and sighed. What a wonderful feeling it was.

But she couldn't be content with only her feelings to feed on. She'd have to do something about it. After school she'd see Jerry, and gradually work up to the subject. There were ways. She saw them in the movies. And it was about time, come to think about it. She was seventeen years old. She'd be an old maid if she didn't look out. What would her friends say then? Her life would be wasted, futile and full of misery. Yes, after school she'd . . .

"MARION," said Jerry as he lit his pipe, "I've been doing a lot of heavy thinking lately." They had succeeded in breaking away from the other kids (only kids after all) and were slushing their way down the wet sidewalk to Walgreens where they'd have a soda together. "This stuff we're getting at school is all right for youngsters. But I figure we're grown up. I got a man's work to do — world at war, depressions and so on — and I can't start too soon. You're not a child anymore either." He puffed maturely at his pipe.

"That's funny, Jerry," responded Marion, "but I've been thinking along the same lines. When I think of myself still going to school I

have to laugh. I look at it this way. If you're going to get any place in life doing the real things, you can't start too soon. I've let a lot of time slip by just dreaming, that's all. It's high time I woke up."

"You're plenty right there. Life is a serious proposition. You can fool with it only so long; then you get fooled. Now take Jake Peterson for instance. Played quarter back on the team four years ago, you know. He's twenty two, and still not married. And what's he doing? Drifting, that's all, drifting. A fellow needs a wife when he gets on in years to stir him up when he gets down, as it happens to all us men."

"Same with May Pichen. She's twenty-three, and all washed up as far as getting anything done is concerned. She'll never get married, don't you worry about that. And it's her own fault if she's a failure. She missed the boat at the dock. And that's the end of her. She might as well give up."

"Then it's all settled between us, Marion?"

"You know it is, Jerry. Any more school's a waste of time if a person's really got things to do."

"I'll see your Dad tonight and get everything fixed up."

They went into Walgreens and had a soda.

"COULD I see you alone for a moment, sir?" Marion had a comfortable home, all right. You could see that, the moment you stepped inside the door. And she also had a happy-go-lucky Dad. He looked as though he wouldn't hurt a flea. Poor fellow! It was evident that he'd never get very far in life.

"Sure you can, Jerry. Come in here." They entered the sun parlor and sat down. "What is it? Anything wrong?" He went about lighting a cigar.

"No sir. Nothing wrong. It's only that I'd like permission to marry your daughter."

The cigar and match fell to the floor. "What's that you said, Jerry? I thought you said something that I know you didn't say. It's my ears. Wax again. Had 'em pumped out once. I'll have to go back to the doctor again, I fear. Now tell me again what you want." He picked up his cigar.

"You heard me right the first time, sir. I'd like to marry Marion."

A moment of silence greeted this, only to be followed by a burst of hearty laughter. "Marry Marion? You don't mean it! You can't mean

it!" Another burst of laughter. "You'll pardon me for laughing, Jerry, but honest, I can't help it. It really is a good one, you know. Don't get me wrong, of course. I admire you for coming around and talking to me and all that; but it's quite out of the question. Why, Marion just got over her baby lisp, and right now mother is teaching her how to boil water. She's an apt pupil too. But wait — I must tell this to mother — and to Marion too, or does Marion already know?" He raised his voice. "Mother, Marion," he called. "Come in here. Jerry says . . ."

Jerry was standing, his hat in his hand. "If that is your final word, sir," he said with dignity, "I'll be going for the present. It is not necessary to humiliate me before your wife and daughter. I am not a child. I'm seventeen years old, you know. And so is Marion." Amidst the echoing cry of another burst of laughter, he found his way out to the street.

He had not walked a full block when he heard his name called. Marion stood beside him, breathless, rain soaked, without hat or coat to protect her from the weather.

"I heard it all," she panted. "And I want you to know that I think Dad is awful. It doesn't make any difference to me what he says. I'm yours, Jerry, and you know it. We can get married without Dad's even knowing it. Let's go and do it right now. What do you say? I couldn't bear living in that house any more."

"You mean that?"

"Of course I mean it."

"O.K. then. We'll go at once to that young priest over on the West side. They say he's tops when it comes to things like this. We'll have the knot tied right away. Then they can laugh all they want. You're not afraid, are you?" For answer she linked her arm with his. They began to walk.

THE priest's parlor was as bare as a balloon. A very strong light burned in the center of the room. There were three chairs and a table. That was all. An ancient, rusty ashtray stood on the table. Jerry and Marion sat down. The priest would be in shortly, the housekeeper said.

It was a long wait for Jerry. Things didn't seem quite so rosy now, for some reason or other. His back hurt. His clothes were soaked. He felt strangely impatient, even with Marion. He looked at her sidewise.

She was sitting directly under the strong light. Her hair was tangled and knotted, and every last curl had disappeared. It hung as straight as a string even in its tangles. The color on her cheeks was running a little bit. Her clothes hung askew. She looked frightened — and awfully young. He could see it now — under the light. Why, she's only a kid, he thought. I'll bet she's scared to death. Perhaps this is . . .

For Marion it was an uncomfortable wait. Her feet hurt her like everything. They had walked two miles in the rain. She knew that she was a sight. And she knew that she was going to be sick. A big sneeze was forming inside her nose and throat right now. And her eyes felt watery. She stole a glance at Jerry out of the side of her eye. All the big brave front seemed to have gone out of him. He sat slumped in his chair like a little boy waiting for teacher to punish him for talking in school. The bright light brought out his features. They were strong all right, but not yet fully formed. The fuzzy exuberance of a coming beard was in evidence. Pretty soon he'd have to shave real often. She puckered her brows. What was she thinking of? Pretty soon he'd have to shave real often! And she was marrying him! A boy that didn't even have to shave yet. There was something fishy there. Perhaps this business is . . .

Then the priest appeared.

"Hello, children," the priest said. "How are you today?" He took the third seat in the room. "Sit down and tell me what I can do for you."

Jerry looked him over carefully. He looked big enough and masculine enough. At least there wasn't anything soft about him. Yet he talked in a funny way. Calling them children. After all, a boy and girl, each seventeen years old and both seniors in high school could hardly be designated as children. It's a funny thing; but priests sometimes have a hard time edging up to facts. They'd get a lot farther in their business if they would.

"I'm Jerry," he said. "This is Marion." They bowed to one another. "We came here, Marion and I," he continued, "to get married. We'd like to have it done tonight, if you would oblige us. Can you?"

"Well, now, that's fine," said the priest. "I always like to see young love like this. It makes a fellow feel, well, happy. With all this rain and bad weather we need something like love to brighten up things again. Of course you've got all the necessary documents with you. But first of all, how old are you?"

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Seventeen didn't seem as old to Jerry as it did that afternoon. And it was the same with Marion. But they said, "Seventeen."

"Um-um," said the priest. "Seventeen. A fine age, a fine age. I remember when I was seventeen. I was just beginning to shave. And I had a twin sister. On her seventeenth birthday she received her first pair of high heeled shoes. It was a great day for both of us I tell you. But to get on with our business. You've got the license?"

"License?" faltered Jerry. "Gee! I forgot all about that."

The priest made off as though he did not hear. "And then the baptismal certificates. I suppose they're all in order."

"Baptismal certificates?" chimed in both Jerry and Marion. "Gosh! We didn't think about that."

"And I have no doubt but that the bans have been properly published — you know, in the church with the names announced and so forth. Catholics always look to that item before they get married. So you must have looked to it too."

Silence greeted this news. Jerry and Marion seemed to shrink into their chairs. They did not appear very old to one another now. For one thing they didn't know the first thing about getting married, though they had been told what would have to be done — and that a hundred times.

"Now if you just give me the papers I need, I'll get everything ready. We can have the janitor and the housekeeper as best man and bridesmaid. I know you're going to be happy. You're in love, and love's a pretty big thing in anybody's life. Of course it won't get bread for the pantry or a new dress for the wife, or even an occasional trip to the hair dresser, even when the hair dresser's treatment is needed." He looked at Marion's hair. "But what's that as long as there's love? Money isn't everything by a long shot. By the way, Jerry, before you give me those documents, how are you fixed for money right now? Not that it's necessary, but just for a point of interest. Let's see what you've got in your pockets."

Jerry emptied his pockets. A handkerchief, a knife, a package of cigarettes, and thirteen cents came to the surface. As soon as he put them on the table, he swept them back into his pocket. He rose to his feet. He wasn't as dull as all that. He knew what the priest was driving at. Apparently Marion knew too. She also was on her feet.

"I think we'll be going, Father," Jerry said. "It was nice to meet you. And thanks."

"Yes, thanks," said Marion.

The priest bowed them to the door.

THE drizzle was still filling the air with melancholy sullenness. Street lamps blinked mournfully in the foggy darkness. But mysteriously the melancholia and mournfulness had disappeared from Jerry's and Marion's hearts. Rather, there had come a feeling of relief—as though some danger had been averted, and that without their having lost much face in the process. Now they saw clearly that for the present anyway, marriage was certainly not for them. Why, they could hardly buy a loaf of bread. They didn't know what it was all about. And yet they thought they knew so much. How could they have been so dumb! Truly they had been "just kids" in the afternoon; they were a little older now from their experience.

Jerry took off his coat and placed it on Marion's shoulders. They walked silently along the deserted streets until they reached their own corner. There they parted.

"See you in school tomorrow, Jerry," said Marion.

"Right," said Jerry. "Good night, Marion."

"Good night, Jerry."

Without another word they turned towards their respective homes.

Eulogy

The newspapers published in the "Wild West" some fifty years ago were nothing if not original in their recording of deaths. Here is the obituary notice of one Jake Moffatt:

♣ JAKE MOFFAT GONE SKYWARD ♣

As we feared on hearing that two doctors had been called in, the life of our esteemed fellow-citizen Jake Moffatt ebbed out on Wednesday last, just after we had gone to press. Jake was every inch a scholar and a gentleman, upright in all his dealings, unimpeachable in character, and ran the Front Street Saloon in the very toniest style consistent with order. Jake never fully recovered from the year he spent in the county jail at the time of the Ryan-Sternberg fracas. His health was shattered, and he leaves a sorrowing widow and nary an enemy.

Three Minute Instruction

THE INTOLERANCE OF THE CHURCH

If a cross section of Catholics and non-Catholics were asked the question: "Is the Catholic Church intolerant?" it is quite certain that some of the non-Catholics would say unconditionally "yes" and some of the Catholics would answer (just as unconditionally) "no." Both would be wrong. The question demands that distinctions be made before a correct answer can be given. The distinctions are these:

1. The Catholic Church is intolerant concerning *truths* that can be proved to be certain. Intolerance here means an absolute refusal to say that a thing is true or may be true when it can be proved that it is not true. For example: the proposition "Christ is God" is a truth that the Catholic Church accepts as fully proved; she is intolerant in this that she cannot say that the proposition "Christ is not God" may also be true. In this she is like the banker who refuses to tolerate the view that two and two make three; or like the scientist who will not tolerate the proposition that "bodies do not fall to the earth." This same intolerance towards proven truth holds in regard to the truth of the Catholic Church: Catholics can prove that their Church is the true Church of Christ; having such proof, they would not be sane if they would tolerate in their own minds the proposition that the Catholic Church may not be the true Church, or that some other Church is.

2. The Catholic Church is fully tolerant towards *persons* who disagree with her or who hold untruths. She knows that there are many reasons why some people may not be able to recognize the truth in religion. She knows that all non-Catholics who follow their lights and obey their conscience will be saved. She tolerates sinners in her own communion, not as approving their sins, but in the hope that she may win them away from their sins. She tolerates even those who persecute and calumniate her, because she knows that God will judge all men according to their works in the end. Her toleration of unbelievers, scoffers, sinners, hypocrites, her own unworthy children, is one of the proofs that she has the truth—because truth cannot be crushed by attack, it can only be made stronger.

Thus should one answer the question: "Is the Catholic Church intolerant?" If the question means, does she permit one to say that a certain proposition is true and not true at the same time, the answer is that she is intolerant in a very rational way. If it means, does she condemn and persecute all who have not accepted the truth and all who sin against it, the answer is that she is not intolerant; she is like Christ, Who talked kindly to Jew and Roman, Pharisee and Sadducee, sinner and saint.

EXAMEN FOR LAYMEN (III)

This is the third in a series of twelve examinations of conscience on twelve necessary virtues for every Christian. Next month the subject matter of the examination will be "Reverence for God."

F. A. RYAN

THE love of God is the highest and strictest obligation binding on all men. No one should ever forget the answer of Christ to the question: "Which is the first and greatest commandment of the law?" His words were simple, direct, forceful: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul, with thy whole mind and with all thy strength." Without the fulfillment of this law, therefore, all striving for other virtues and qualities would be without profit.

Every sin ever committed is an action contrary to the love of God. But in this examination of conscience, only those sins and faults shall be included which in some way involve a direct slighting of the person of God or of His authority, or a breaking of those commands which are specifically directed towards the maintenance and strengthening of the love of God in the soul, or an expression of disregard or contempt or hatred of God. An exception shall be made even here: all sins committed in speech against God shall be reserved for the examination of next month — on "reverence for God." Of course the love of God as expressed in love of the neighbor shall be reserved for later treatment.

Definition of Love of God:

The love of God is the theological infused virtue by which we love God above all other things because of His infinite perfection and loveableness, and manifest that love in thought, word and deed. (Let it be noted again that the love of neighbor is really a part of the love of God, because it has the same motive, namely, God Himself, in Whom all one's neighbors are to be loved. This will be shown in the examination on the love of neighbor.) The love of God forbids, in general, the neglect of duties and obligations that spring from love, as well as the misuse or degrading of things given by God or dedicated to Him.

Examination:

I. MORTAL SINS

1. Have I neglected to fulfil the precept of going to confession at least once a year?

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2. Have I failed to observe the law which commands me to receive Holy Communion during the Pascal season?

3. Have I missed Mass on a Sunday or a Holy Day without a sufficient reason?

4. Have I, as a mother or father or guardian, caused or permitted my children who are above the age of reason, to miss Mass on Sundays or Holy Days of obligation?

5. Have I induced others to miss Mass on Sundays, or approved of their so doing?

6. Have I without reason come late to Mass, missing the Offertory, or have I left before the Communion of the Mass?

7. Have I deliberately distracted myself at Mass on Sunday, so as to be completely unmindful of what was going on?

8. Have I engaged in servile work, such as gardening, building, repairing, sewing, laundering, etc., for three hours or longer on the Lord's day, when there was no urgent reason for so doing?

9. Have I made others work on Sunday when it was not necessary?

10. Have I broken a serious vow that I had made to God, by which I had bound myself under pain of mortal sin?

11. Have I committed a sacrilege by receiving the Sacrament of Communion, Confirmation, or Matrimony while in the state of mortal sin?

12. Have I deliberately profaned, degraded or outraged relics of the saints, or blessed articles of any kind?

13. Have I stolen something valuable from the House of God, whether an article used in divine services or money given to the church?

14. Have I deliberately mocked or made fun of the sacraments or the Mass or any of the liturgical functions?

15. Have I tried to do bodily harm to a person consecrated to God?

16. Have I tried to lead a person bound to God by the vow of chastity into sin, or cooperated with one such in sin?

17. Have I refused to support to the best of my ability my parish and its priests, whose maintenance is necessary to provide me with the means of loving God as He desires to be loved?

18. Have I tried to buy or sell spiritual things, placing a price on the blessings with which they were endowed?

19. Have I, as a parent, for no valid reason refused to permit a son or daughter to give themselves to God by following a religious or priestly vocation?

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20. Have I advised or influenced friends or acquaintances against giving themselves entirely to God?

21. Have I been so attached to my own will, in regard to my family or my work or my wealth, that if God crossed me I would turn against Him?

22. Have I loved a human being more than I loved God, being ready to offend Him seriously to gratify that love?

23. Have I done nothing to awaken in my children true love of God?

II. VENIAL SINS

1. Have I been unconcerned and indifferent about acquiring a strong and faithful love of God?

2. Have I performed my external duties to God, such as hearing Mass, saying my prayers, receiving the sacraments, in a distracted, impersonal, half-hearted manner?

3. Have I seldom if ever made a real act of love of God, except such as were implicit in the fulfillment of other duties?

4. Have I been disrespectful to God's very presence in church by profane and useless talking and worldly actions?

5. Have I failed to think of the passion and death of the Son of God in my own sufferings, thus permitting myself to grumble and complain instead of making an act of love and submission?

6. Have I been unfaithful to little promises I made to God?

7. Have I never shown my love of God by means of gratitude for the many favors He has given me?

8. Have I given in to worldly desires, which I knew from the beginning to be inconsistent with true love of God?

9. Have I been so fond of some venial sin like petty gossip, or vanity, or exaggerating, that I have made no effort to overcome it?

10. Have I never made the good intention of doing everything for the love of God?

11. Have I been disrespectful towards or concerning those whom God has placed over me and who represent God?

III. HELPS AND COUNSELS

1. Have I made an effort to arouse strong desires of the love of God in my heart?

2. Have I repeated a direct act of love of God in the morning, at definitely proposed times during the day, in moments of suffering and misery, at night before retiring?

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3. Have I labored to acquire the habit of frequently renewing my intention of doing all things for the love of God?

4. Have I given any time to the thought of God's goodness, in creating me out of nothing, in redeeming me with His blood, in raising me to a supernatural state, and surrounding me with means to advance in virtue?

5. Have I trained myself to see God's hand and God's love in the natural blessings I enjoy — blessings of family, friends, education, surroundings, innocent enjoyments, etc. and then to thank Him by a return of love?

6. Have I frequently turned my mind to the greatest proof of God's love — His death on the cross, that I might be inspired to stronger love?

7. Have I received Holy Communion frequently, realizing that the best proof of love is union with the one beloved?

8. Have I made special acts of love of God at the time of Mass and Communion, realizing that these bring me closest to God?

9. After a venial sin, have I made an act of love of God and determined to become perfect in my habit of love?

10. Have I subjected all my affections to the love of God, trying to make them perfectly conformed to His will so that I can say I love all things and persons in and with God?

11. Have I readily conformed my will to God's will, not only by keeping His commandments, but also by consenting to His will when He has permitted some misfortune to befall me?

12. Have I tried to know God better that I might love Him more, by reading, listening to sermons, studying?

13. Have I realized that the love of God is not necessarily accompanied by emotional feelings and warm sentiments, and that it is more meritorious if without these things I continue the practices of love?

Posthumous Crimes

We have encountered some strange reasons in the minds of people for not becoming Catholics but this takes the prize: An old lady said she could never think of joining the Church of Rome, for how could it have had the effrontery to make a saint out of St. Bartholomew, after that dreadful massacre of his!

FLAG-WAVING BUCCANEERS

Another side to a question about which you are reading only one side, and that the wrong one, in your newspaper today.

B. TOBIN

ELEVEN billion dollars in war orders in six months: that is the record of our War and Navy Departments. Since July 1, contracts equalling about two-thirds of the sixteen billion voted by Congress to reinforce our defenses have been obligated. For these billions our defense forces expect over 25,000 airplanes, 6,000 tanks, 350 warships, and myriad of other items needed to insure international respect for the opinion of the United States.

The stupendous duty of converting these war orders into useable instruments of our national defense has been entrusted to American industries. And in general the industries of the nation have shown themselves most capable of fulfilling the trust placed upon them. No sooner had the President proclaimed the necessity of reinforcing our defenses when the manufacturers and laborers throughout the country rallied around his program and prepared themselves for the emergency. Realizing that speed was as essential as efficiency the nation's factories at once made ready to ensure the maximum output in the minimum time. The advances made in this regard have been tremendous. The output of planes and their motors has been tripled; the tank industry has started from blueprints and has grown geometrically to astonishing proportions; the time for the construction of warships has been reduced by 50%; assembly-lines have been set up for the construction of machine guns. Similar advancements have been made in all other fields. For months it appeared that nothing would stop the swiftly accelerating pace of the national defense program.

Lately, however, the press and the radio of the nation gave indications that the defense program was not to be permitted to proceed uninterruptedly to its conclusion. Labor trouble was the cause. In the Los Angeles Harbor 27,000,000 board feet of lumber needed for the expansion of airplane-factory facilities were blocked by a shipping strike. Then \$84,000,000 of the defense money was tied up when the workers of the Vultee Aircraft Company of Downey, California, makers of

training planes, struck because they did not believe \$20 a week was a sufficient salary for aircraft workers. And in the East, at New Kensington, Pa., 7,500 employees of the monopolistic Aluminum Company of America suspended work, thereby stopping supplies for planes and other military equipment, including a \$1,200,000 order for a new type U. S. Army field kitchen. Of these, the Vultee Aircraft strikers came in for the majority of the criticism. Chairman Martin Dies of the House Committee Investigating Un-American Activities promised the nation to investigate them. Attorney General Robert H. Jackson gave out the statement that the FBI had looked into the affair and were sure that the walk-out was instigated and encouraged by Communists and their sympathizers.

IMMEDIATELY this information was published, the striking employees at the Vultee Aircraft Company were stigmatized as Communists, Nazis, and 5th Columnists, attempting to sabotage the defense program. The editors throughout the country vied with one another in their vituperative denunciation of those workmen who placed their own needs above the common good. Industrialists who had long been fighting the ever increasing strength of the labor unions, saw in the strike an opportunity to turn public sentiment against the National Labor Relations Act and Board. It was within the Hall of Congress, however, that the most defamatory fulminations against the strikers were openly expressed. Speaking of the suspension of labor at the Vultee plant one member of the House of Representatives, a bitter opponent of organized unionism, Clare Hoffman, declared that he would "support an amendment to the conscription law which would conscript those men in factories and require them to render service to their country the same as the soldiers in the field." Many others carried away either by their antagonism to unionism or by their desire to see the defense program completed at all cost, spoke in the same strain.

But what few of these critics seemed to remember—and none mentioned—was the open opposition and sabotaging of the defense program on the part of many of the nation's outstanding industrialists in their attempts to force the government to assent to their demands. With bold fanfare these industrialists have printed in the papers and broadcast over the air that they were exerting their facilities to capacity

in order to build up a war machine second to none. Advertisements in the popular magazines assured us that industry could and was anxious to convert the plans of the General Staff into equipment for the conscripted army. But all the while they have been waging another campaign that has received no publicity except that necessary to attain their end. By their powerful lobbies in the legislatures of the various states as well as in that of our National Capitol they have sought to obtain the repeal of the social legislation of the past few years, claiming that these laws hindered the defense program. By "educational programs" in their factories and offices they have attempted to convince their skeptical employees that the workers must forget personal aims, unite under the employers' guidance, and build the necessary machinery for our army.

SOME months ago a cartoon in the St. Louis *Star-Times* critically expressed the true position of American Industry and national defense. It depicted a frowning Uncle Sam before a recruiting office jammed with youths volunteering to serve in the army. Standing defiantly before Uncle Sam is Mr. American Industry, insolently saying: "I'll join up PROVIDED I get cost plus, all risk of loss removed, and know what kind of taxes you'll enact." Since the defense emergency was declared by our President the afternoon of May 23, that has been the platform taken by many American industrialists. Time and time again they have expressed their willingness to cooperate with the government's program, only to follow their pledge of cooperation by demands for special privileges.

In a speech recently before the American Petroleum Institute in the Stevens Hotel of Chicago, H. W. Prentis Jr., the then President of the National Association of Manufacturers, called upon the government for a "fair deal (to industry) instead of the shabby deal of recent years." Yet it was this very Association which Mr. Prentis headed that came out at the beginning of the defense program demanding from the government that the Wage and Hour Act be repealed. The National Association of Manufacturers claimed that the law, by limiting the hours per week the employer was able to demand from his employees and the least pay per week he was permitted to give them, would hold up the defense program and place American Industry in the same position as that of France before her fall. What the Association did not men-

tion was that unlike French law, here the workmen can still work over forty hours a week. But in order to make them do so, the law demands that they be paid time and a half for overtime. As is quite evident, there are many industrialists who would much prefer the repeal of the law and being allowed to work their men overtime on straight pay.

In general the industrialists have failed in their attempts to have the Wage and Hour Act repealed. But in other respects they have been much more successful in their fight for special privileges.

While they recommend the conscription of our youths for a peace time army at \$30 or less a month, they urged Congressional Committees to eliminate the Vinson-Trammell Act which had been enacted for just such an emergency as this. By it the industrialists' profits were limited to 10 per cent. But once it had been repealed war-material manufacturers would have only the sky as the limit to their profits. And in providing something soft to fall back upon when the time came for a fall, industrialists have introduced and obtained an amortization plan that in effect gives war profiteers a "money-back" guaranty.

Formerly federal laws forbade government contracts as loan collateral. On October 10, President Roosevelt signed legislation to encourage private financing of defense industries, by permitting the assignment of government contracts as loan collateral! This about-face was recommended by the defense commission and pushed by the large industrialists. The same story can be retold time and time again for many other changes that have come about during the past five months; changes introduced by defense-material manufacturers and forced upon the government under the threat of sabotaging the national defense.

IN OTHER fields, however, the attempts of the manufacturers to hide behind the cloak of their zeal for national defense have been even less successful. Violators of the Sherman Anti-trust Law, although loudly proclaiming that interference with their activities would hinder their part in the government's program, have found it impossible to waylay by this smoke screen the investigations and prosecutions of the nation's ace trust-breaker, Thurman Arnold. For a time it is true that disturbing reports were circulated that anti-trust activities might be suspended in order to secure the cooperation of certain powerful industrial groups in the national defense efforts. One suit was indeed delayed for a period of time—two months—and then modified in

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certain respects before it was instituted. This was done because of the concern by some officials outside the Department of Justice that the suit as originally planned might interfere with the cooperation of industry.

But in general the activity of Arnold has been unhindered. By ruthlessly prosecuting every offender he has done perhaps more than any other individual to aid our program of defense. Again and again his department has broken up the monopolistic practices of many of our industries making items essential for our Army and Navy, and has thereby lowered the arbitrary and unreasonable prices caused by the artificial restrictions on production imposed in violation of the anti-trust laws. Among the victims of his zeal have been the powerful Bausch and Lomb Optical Company, makers of such military optical instruments as range finders, height finders, torpedo directors, and high-quality glass lenses; the Aluminum Company of America, the sole producer of this vital product in the United States; a blanket suit against 21 leading oil-producers accusing them of limiting production to increase prices; and General Motors Corporation, whose sales-financing subsidiary has enabled GM to control completely its dealers. By such prosecutions as these the Department of Justice has enabled the buyers of our defense forces to obtain much more for the taxpayer's dollar. As an example of this we know that with one essential commodity, tungsten carbide, the vigilance of the Justice Department has forced the sky-high price of \$453 a pound down to the natural price of \$48.

It is difficult to understand the queer quirks in the mental process of many of our "leading" editors. They stigmatize as unpatriotic and unAmerican those employees who endeavor by purely lawful means to secure a more just return for their labors; who strike because they do not believe \$1,040 a year is sufficient to enable them to live according to the much vaunted "American Way." At the same time these editors laud those mighty moguls of business who seek by fair means or foul to rob the taxpayers in order to secure for themselves greater returns on their investments; who attempt by the economic power their money controls to change the laws of the land so that their choice group receives all the profits and praise while the other is hounded and condemned by criticism if they so much as raise an unbidden finger for better conditions of employment.

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EVERY American realizes that the success of the defense program depends upon two things; First, the effective cooperation of all elements of our society, industry, labor, and government; and second, the removal of obstacles to the free flow of production, particularly the production of such items as are vital to the national defense. Impeding such production, whether done by the employers or employees, may be considered treason and may be described as 5th Column activities. But let no right thinking American attempt to point out the criminal without first sanely considering the facts. Cold facts should speak louder to the reasoning American than sensational, 72 point Gothic headlines and editorial hot air; and the cold facts in this case speak unhesitatingly in condemnation of the canting industrialists, flag-waving buccaneers.

Portrait of Pigs

Plato knew a thing or two. Listen to this:

"Those who are destitute of wisdom and goodness and are ever present at carousals and the like are carried on the downward path, it seems, and wander thus throughout their life. They never look upwards to the truth, nor do they lift their heads, nor enjoy any pure and lasting pleasure; but like cattle they have their eyes ever cast downwards and bent upon the ground and upon their feeding places, and they graze and grow fat and breed, and through their insatiable desire of these delights they kick and butt with their horns and hoofs of iron and kill one another in their greed."

About the only thing that Plato would have to change in that paragraph were he living today would be the statement about breeding.

Unoccupied

The minister of the great Protestant church of St. John the Divine, dressed in cassock and biretta, had been showing a Catholic layman through the cathedral. After he had pointed out the exquisite beauty of the stained-glass windows, the magnificent workmanship of the marble carvings, the towering strength of the mighty pillars he asked his visitor what he thought of the church. The man thought for a moment, and then said: "Beautiful, beautiful, my dear sir. Too bad, though, that it has no tenant."

VICAR AND IMAGE

Lest we forget a pontiff who gave us many things we prize today, such as our right to frequent Communion and our beautiful Church music, let's salute Pius X.

J. ELWORTHY

AFTER reading the life of Pope Pius X, one finds it difficult to point out his most distinguishing trait. What made him so loved by all the world, respected even by his bitterest enemies? I believe an early biographer of the Pope chanced upon the key to the puzzle when he applied to him the name St. Catherine of Sienna used to call the Popes of her day, 'Sweet Christ on earth.'

Sweetness after the manner of the Great Master of all virtue seems best to describe His onetime Vicar, Pope Pius X. Sweetness is not one virtue, but rather the effect of many. Meekness and humility, patience, compassion for the poor and suffering, forgiveness of injuries, endurance of the effects of poverty, firmness in regard to the truth, zeal for souls, for the house of God and its proper worship, love for the little innocent children of the flock, love even for enemies—all these virtues, of which Jesus Christ is the exemplar, shone forth in Pius X of saintly memory. . . .

No bells rang out joyfully on the morning air, no cannon boomed, no messengers ran hither and thither to announce the birth of this little Italian boy; no screaming headlines blazoned forth

the news to an expectant world. It is true no royal blood flowed in the veins of Giuseppe Sarto. Yet he was destined to die more than a prince, aye, more than a king. The birth of Giuseppe Sarto was recorded in 'the short and simple annals of the poor.'

A century ago few men knew of the existence of the little Italian village of Riese in the Venetian plains. Only sixty years later was it to skyrocket into fame as the birthplace of one of the successors of St. Peter in the bishopric of Rome.

Giuseppe, son of the village postmaster, was essentially, 'of the people.' His life from the earliest years in the humble village until his death in the palace of the Vatican bore the unmistakable impress of Christlike poverty. Food was coarse and scanty in his boyhood home; there was even less choice about his clothing. Despite the want, Giuseppe grew strong on such hard fare.

Here he learned to use his time well. Never in his life did he show himself afraid of work, thanks to the training of his youth. God had endowed this lad with keen intelligence, and soon he exhausted the small store of learn-

ing to be had in Riese. His desire for learning, his piety while serving at the altar, soon attracted the notice of the parish priests, and with their help and influence he was able finally to obtain a scholarship to the Seminary of Padua — for it was his ambition to be a priest.

With more than usual brilliance Sarto passed through his years of study at the seminary until at the age of twenty-three he was ready for ordination to the priesthood. The dispensation from the canonical age was readily granted, and one happy day Giuseppe was consecrated a priest of God. The testimony to his great talent and industry and to his saintly and amiable character can still be seen in the seminary records.

FULL of hope for the future and burning zeal for souls, Sarto, now a priest forever, set out for the scene of his first appointment, curate to the parish priest at Tombolo. There in that small and obscure village, with only a pittance for a salary. Don Giuseppe Sarto found enough to do and more. The pastor's house-keeper gave testimony to the frugality of his habits and to his untiring zeal. "He was as thin as a rake," she said in after life, "for he scarcely ate enough to keep body and soul together, and was never off his feet." The pastor was ill and often unable to do his own work, so Father Sarto cheerfully undertook that added burden which was by no means light.

Here in this secluded village.

fame began to seek him. Gifted with a beautiful and sonorous voice, he was an eloquent speaker. He could not help it, for he spoke out of the fulness of his great heart. Soon he was in popular demand, and one invitation to preach meant just so many more.

The merits of this young, zealous curate were soon recognized by his superiors and his appointment as parish priest at Salzano came quickly. Here again he worked for souls with his unbounded energy. When an epidemic of cholera descended upon his portion of the flock, he slaved night and day to bring assistance of a temporal as well as a spiritual kind to the unfortunate victims. At the age of forty, still young as priests go, Don Giuseppe Sarto was being rapidly prepared for the great destiny of his life. When three important posts fell vacant in the diocese of Treviso, those of Canon of the Cathedral, spiritual director of the seminary, and Chancellor of the diocese, the first man thought of was the ever humble but talented pastor of Salzano.

For nine years he held these positions, crowning his busy days with long nights of study in the quiet of his room. Then he was appointed Bishop of Mantua, the birthplace of the Latin poet, Virgil. This was by no means an easy task. There were divisions between the priests and the people, and in general the diocese was not in the best spiritual condition. There were few students in the seminary, and there was a lack of parish priests in the country districts.

The new Bishop set about to remedy this perilous situation with courage and confidence, even though the difficulties seemed insurmountable.

Higher things were still beckoning to Bishop Sarto. Eight years spent at Mantua as its bishop had trained him for the more important post of Cardinal Patriarch of Venice. For some months after his appointment to this see he was unable to enter the city because of the open antagonism of the Masonic Italian government. Double was the rejoicing of the Venetian populace when finally their Patriarch was allowed to take possession of his see. As a Prince of the Catholic Church Cardinal Sarto was even more humble; he was not the man to forget his lowly birth, and with the eyes of faith he clearly saw that all the honor that came to him was in reality the gift of God.

ON JULY 20, 1903, Pope Leo XIII ended his glorious reign as Supreme Pontiff. The twenty-five years of his pontificate are ranked among the greatest in the long history of the Popes. Some few days later the Conclave to elect his successor was held. In announcing the date of the Conclave to his people, Cardinal Sarto asked them to "Pray that God may send to His Church a Shepherd after His own heart." In his genuine humility he never dreamed how God would answer that prayer.

To his secretary, preparing for the trip to Rome, he had given

the instruction: "Take a return ticket, it will be cheaper." This ticket was never used. In the Conclave when the votes began to mount in his favor, he pleaded with his fellow Cardinals: "I am unworthy, I am incapable, forget me." Forget him they would not, and to this day no one has regretted their action in electing him as Pope Leo's successor, nor will one ever.

Immediately on recovery from the shock of his election, Pope Pius X set to work to carry out the will of God. In his first Encyclical letter he mapped out his program and proclaimed to the world the one purpose of his pontificate: "to restore all things in Christ, so that Christ may be all in all." The Catholic world received this letter with enthusiasm. Truly 'a shepherd of souls' was its verdict. And the world was right in its judgment.

Sixty eight years of age is rather late in life to begin such a gigantic task as governing the Catholic Church. But Pope Pius X brought with him the ripe experience of age and the vigor and health of a mature man.

The reform of Church music was first on his list of reforms. It was his aim to bring back into usage the beautiful Gregorian chant which had been unfortunately discarded, often in favor of tenth-rate operatic airs. Giuseppe Sarto was an intensely practical man. He set in motion many other reforms, such as that of the Roman Missal and Breviary; he reorganized the Roman Curia;

for eleven years he carried on the work of reform and codification of Canon Law. (This important work was completed under his immediate successor.)

With all his gentleness and meekness, Pius X could be very firm when there was question of the truth or when the welfare of the Church was at stake. When the Masons were causing so much trouble in unhappy France, Pope Pius X sacrificed the 'goods' of the Church rather than see the 'good' of the Church harmed. With his wonderful and clear Encyclical on Modernism, he destroyed once and for all that heresy which, like Jansenism, had determined to stay within the fold of the Church and shape her teaching to its will. Pius X had seen the danger and exposed the great evils that would flow from it. He denounced the false teaching and its teachers, and took strong measures to prevent the growth of this heresy in Catholic schools, universities, and seminaries. "The security of the Catholic name," he said, "is at stake; to keep silence any longer would be a crime."

He never forgot the poor. When he was made Pope and hence could no longer visit them, he had them brought to him every Sunday. After the terrible earthquake of Messina in 1908, he caused a number of the sufferers to be brought to Rome, where they were taken care of in the Papal hospice of Santa Marta.

Pope Pius X will always be lovingly remembered as the Pope who opened the way to frequent

Communion for all those who are in the state of grace and approach the Holy Table with a right intention, and who decreed that little children who could distinguish the Bread of the Eucharist from ordinary bread should be allowed to feed on the Food of the strong in the very days of their innocence. "Holy Communion," he said, "is the shortest and the surest way to heaven."

EVEN in his lifetime marvelous stories were told of the cures that were wrought through his hands—of the old Cardinal at the Conclave who was near death, but who after receiving the blessing of the newly-elected Pope recovered enough to make the return journey to Spain; of the young English girl who found herself cured of running sores on her head and neck when the Pope blessed her during a public audience; of the two Florentine nuns who came half-dead to the Pope to ask their cure, and returned full of new life; of the little boy, paralyzed from birth, whom the Pope held for a few minutes in his arms and who slipped from the Pope's knees and ran around the room as any other healthy boy. . . . Distance was no bar to the efficacy of his blessings and prayers—a young nun in Ireland, suffering from a disease of the hip-bone and unable to walk for many months, found herself cured after her case had been recommended to the prayers of the Holy Father—two other nuns were cured of cancer by the appli-

cation of a piece of stuff once worn by the Pope. And stories are still being told about his powerful intercession at the throne of God even to this day.

The great heart of Giuseppe Sarto had no condemnation even for treachery. One time he learned of a betrayal of his trust only after the guilty one had died. His only words were prayers for the departed soul. "He is dead," he said gently, "may he rest in peace." Another time he smiled sadly at the accusation of treachery against one who was yet alive; the accusation could not be denied. But the Pope's reply was simply: "Traitor is a hard word; let us say that he is a man of many skins — like an onion. . . ."

In public functions the Pope was seen to wear an expression of sweet sadness as if he felt the burden too heavy even for him to bear. To those who knew him in his less public moments he was gay and genial, always the merry spirit he had been. "He had the greatest heart of any man alive" — said one who knew him well. How that great heart of his, which beat in union with the heart of suffering humanity, was tortured at the sight of nations rushing at each other's throats to wound, to maim, to kill! When asked to bless the armies of the dual monarchy of Austro-Hungary, this was his stern reply: "I bless peace, not war." Shortly after the outbreak of World War I, this saintly, humble, gentle, lovable old man

closed his eyes on the scenes of earthly carnage to open them on the blessed vision of God. "The Holy Father has died of a broken heart" — was the story heard around his death-bed.

Once when a Modernist writer had leveled much abuse at the Head of the Catholic Church, an intimate friend of the Holy Father grew indignant, and was only calmed by the words of the Pope: "Come, did he not allow that after all I was a good priest? Now, of all praise, that is the only one I have ever valued." That was his choice for his own epitaph.

I think some very little children, always unconventional, paid him his greatest compliment when, seeing the gracious white figure bend over them and looking up into the gentle, holy face of him that asked them questions, they replied softly: "Yes, Jesus."

SUCH is the story of Pope Pius X — brief, even too sketchy to mention all the highlights of his memorable life. "Sweet Christ on earth" — no title fits him better. One look at his picture will tell you that.

A notice in the Catholic press of some weeks ago informs us that progress is being made in the cause of his beatification in Rome. May we who reaped the benefits of his noble life pray God to glorify His faithful servant and imitator on earth as we believe He has glorified him in heaven.



MOMENTS AT MASS

The Canon: First Catalog of Saints

F. A. BRUNNER

Prominent indeed in the liturgy is the communion of saints, although the prayer in the canon of the Mass which makes mention of it appears rather stunted. For by the insertion of the *Memento* of the living into the priest's prayer in the canon a portion of the prayer for the church universal, the *Communicantes* (cataloging saints to be especially venerated), though grammatically linked to the *Te igitur*, was separated from it and recited after the *Memento*.

"In communion with and reverencing the memory of first of all the glorious Mary ever virgin, mother of our God and Lord Jesus Christ; as well as thy blessed apostles and martyrs, Peter and Paul, Andrew, James, John, Thomas, James, Philip, Bartholomew, Matthew, Simon and Thaddeus; Linus, Cletus, Clement, Xystus, Cornelius, Cyprian, Lawrence, Chrysogon, John and Paul, Cosmas and Damian, and all thy saints; by whose merits and prayers grant that we may be guarded in all things by thy sheltering helps. Through the same Christ our Lord, Amen."

Origins of the prayer

This part of the prayer for the church universal is in substance the handiwork of Pope Gelasius, in the closing years of the fifth century. But elements thereof are of much greater antiquity, in all probability antedating the adoption of Latin as the Roman liturgical language.

The list of saints

The list of saints as it stands is most likely an arrangement by Pope St. Gregory who tidied up and filled in the nuclear catalog of the Gelasian canon. The very omissions in this list of saints testify to its antiquity quite as much as do the names which occur. St. Joseph, for instance, is not mentioned for the simple reason that devotion to him is of comparatively recent date.

Order and balance mark the list as quite artificial. The list is headed by "the glorious Mary ever Virgin, Mother of our God and Lord Jesus Christ," a title which was solemnly proclaimed at the Council of Ephesus in 431.

After this come two groups of names, a dozen in each: first, the apostles, with Paul, co-apostle of Rome, included and Mathias left out; then a list of martyrs for whom the Roman church and the other churches in Italy had a special devotion—twelve, too, probably for symmetry.

Side Glances

by The Bystander

Writers themselves seldom suspect that they are producing a masterpiece. Take the case of Irving Berlin, in a different field, and his smash hit song "God Bless America." He wrote the song in 1918, when he was a sergeant at Camp Upton, as a finale for a wartime musical show to be put on by a group of soldiers. It didn't strike him as a particularly good song, so he put it aside and wrote another called "We're on Our Way to France," which he made the finale of the show. "God Bless America" lay unrecognized among Irving Berlin's souvenirs until 1938. In that year Kate Smith asked him for a patriotic number for an Armistice Day broadcast. He tried to compose something, but his ideas wouldn't jell. In this strait he thought of the old tune he had written in 1918 and played it over to himself. It sounded good. He gave it to Kate Smith and in a few days found himself with a new claim to fame. . . . Right now we are casting about among old trunks and drawers for manuscripts written twenty years ago. Maybe we've got something there.



While we are on the subject of publishers and writers in general, it seems appropriate to bring up an item that is not without its social significance. Father Louis Gales of the Catechetical Guild of St. Paul, Minnesota, reveals that one of the wide open outlets for obscenity in the United States is the calendar publishing business. Some publishers make a handsome living on calendars, and they are ready to suit all tastes. For the stag-room, bar-room, underworld trade they make calendars that exploit the lewd and the nude to the full satisfaction of any corrupt mind; for clean folk—for parishes, undertakers, religious groups,—the same company makes pious calendars that would seem to indicate that they have nothing more at heart than the spiritual welfare of all mankind. If there happens to be a slump in the lewd trade, the pious trade can pick it up and vice versa. The moral is (need we mention it?) not to buy calendars from any company that comes along, unless you want to risk helping the business of obscenity. Ask for a complete catalogue of their line before you buy, and you'll find out what kind of people are behind it. Father Gales is taking action in a big way: he is getting out a new Catholic calendar for 1942 at as cheap a rate as possible. It's worth looking into if you've bought batches of calendars before—without taking account of the above facts.



Add, if you will, a note on the accuracy of the editors of *Collier's Weekly*. Thousands of people must have read, quite some weeks ago, a letter quoted in that very informal column called "Any Week" that is conducted on the Contents page. The letter told how a Catholic College football team traveling in California to another college for a big game comported itself. The big burly football men gambled most of the time, drank liquor almost constantly, acted in an ungentlemanly manner

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towards strangers, and when the chaplain came into their car, they threw the liquor bottles out of the window. The account was written as if it was all in good clean fun—this reporting of what "gay devils" these Catholic students were. . . . Well, somebody in California checked up on the story; found out what team it must have been, where they were going, and what happened along the way. From a secular newspaperman he learned that there was no drinking, no ungentlemanly conduct, and, as anybody else could have known, that it is impossible to throw a bottle out of the sealed window of a streamlined train. The reporter telephoned the writer of the letter to *Collier's* and found out that he himself had not even been on the train, he had heard about the trip from somebody else. . . . Anyway, the editor of *Collier's* probably reflects, it was a good story, even if it did hurt somebody and even if it wasn't true.



Maternity Guilds are associations established in individual parishes which provide a kind of insurance for families that is to cover the cost of confinement for mothers. Such guilds have recently been established in two Redemptorist parishes, St. Gerard's, San Antonio, and Holy Redeemer, Detroit. The popularity of the cause and the willingness of many Catholics to support a movement that is a practical answer to the propaganda in favor of birth-prevention has been evidenced by the response in these two parishes. In St. Gerard's over 500 members were enrolled in a short time; in Holy Redeemer the minimum membership for successful operation was almost immediately obtained, and it is growing daily. A Maternity Guild is not a means of giving charity to mothers; it provides a form of insurance, much in the manner of credit unions and hospital associations, while at the same time it has an educational and religious program that in itself makes the guild worth while. It is worth looking into by pastors who have been conscious of the difficulty of backing up the necessary instructions against birth-prevention by practical means.



A man in Grand Rapids, Michigan, has been making a practice of stealing up behind women on a bus or in the theatre and quietly and unsuspectingly snipping off a handful of their hair. He would simply cut through the hair with his scissors (when nobody was looking) and leave the shorn locks hanging by a thread. When the ladies returned to their home, and for some reason or other ran a comb through their hair, the very first stroke would take the whole back of their coiffure with it. The surprise and amazement were generally very great. Protests were registered. Police were about to advise women to return to the denuded style popular a few years or to wear wire hairnets when they left their homes, when they discovered a man walking about with a large scissors in his hand. On being questioned he admitted doing at least some of the impromptu barberwork. Women are breathing easier again in Grand Rapids. "Jack the Snipper," as he was known, got ninety days in jail.

Catholic Anecdotes

THE CROSS PREFERRED

IT WAS at Poissy," King St. Louis of France would say to his friends, "that I received the greatest honor of my life." Then he would smile at their mystification.

"But it was at Rheims that you were crowned King of France," one would say.

"Surely that was the greatest honor you ever received," another would say, "when you became the glorious monarch of the French people."

But the King would smilingly shake his head.

"It was at Poissy that I received my greatest honor," he would repeat. "That honor was not the crown which they laid upon my head at Rheims, but the cross they laid upon my brow at Poissy at the moment of my Baptism."

A MONK'S OBEDIENCE

THE Emperor Henry II had long desired to relinquish his responsibilities and become a monk. One day he entered the Church of the Abbey of St. Vanne in Verdun, and was heard repeating the verse of the psalm: "This is my rest; here will I dwell, for I have chosen it."

A monk who heard him hurried to the Abbott, and told him what was taking place. The Abbott went immediately, and led the Emperor into the Chapter room, where he asked him what it was that he desired.

"I want to renounce this secular dress," said the Emperor with tears, "and henceforth serve only God with the brethren."

"Will you promise," said the Abbott, "according to our rule and the example of Jesus Christ, obedience unto death?"

"I promise it," replied the Emperor.

"Well, then, I receive you as a monk. From this day forth

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I take charge of your soul, and what I command, do you perform in the fear of the Lord. Now, I command you to return to the government of the empire which God has entrusted to you, and to watch, with all your power, with fear and trembling, for the safety of the whole kingdom."

The new "monk" had no choice but to obey.

AMERICAN FAITH

ABBOTT HUNTER-BLAIR tells the story that once, while the Pope was celebrating Mass in St. Peter's, and had reached the moment of Consecration and Elevation of the Host, a misguided Englishman rose to his feet in the midst of the kneeling throng and, looking around, exclaimed:

"Is there no one in this vast assemblage who will lift up his voice with me, and protest against this idolatry?"

"If you don't get down on your knees in about two seconds," was the immediate reply of an American who was kneeling close by, "there's one man in this vast assemblage who will lift up his foot and kick you out of the church!"

FREED BY GUILT

THE Duke of Ossuna, on a visit to one of the galleys, asked the galley slaves of what crimes they were guilty to deserve such punishment. Immediately they all cried out that they were innocent, except one, who admitted his guilt.

"It is not right to have a guilty man among all these innocent ones," said the Duke, and thereupon gave the order for his release.

PRIOR RIGHTS

PLAUTUS relates that a slave named Tyndarus helped a poor fellow captive, whom he had known since boyhood, to escape.

His master was furious when he learned of the matter, and reproached Tyndarus bitterly for his want of fidelity.

But Tyndarus quietly replied:

"Do you require, my master, that I who have been in your service for a very short time should be more loyal to your interests than to the interests of him whom I have known and loved since boyhood?"

Pointed Paragraphs

Time to Rearm

Nothing we know could supply a more cogent example of how a Christian should accept Lent than the eagerness displayed by most Americans in recent months to sacrifice everything for the sake of adequate national defenses against any and all enemies. It seems but a few months ago that everybody was concerned about the nation's debt; it had to be pared down because debt meant sacrifice and sacrifice was to be avoided by all means.

Then came the thought (whether right or wrong we are not discussing) that the nation was vulnerable; that a bigger army, navy and airforce were sorely needed. Worries about national indebtedness seemed suddenly to vanish, as billions of dollars, all representing new debts, were pledged to the cause. Every dollar of new debt meant new sacrifices, but these were accepted as necessary for defense and security.

The whole purpose of Lent is to wake up individuals to their own need of self-defense against powerful enemies. Just as in the case of a nation as a whole, self-defense means sacrifice in one way or in another. A man goes along for several months of the year gradually forgetting that he has any enemies to fear, avoiding sacrifice by every means in his power.

Yet all the while secret agents (concupiscence and pride) are at work within him, undermining his strength; outside enemies (the world and the devil) are lining up waiting for the right moment to charge the fortress of his virtue; sometimes they even make preliminary skirmishes and find it easy to break through his guard.

Fortunately, before a Christian is forced to capitulate entirely, Lent comes along and focuses his eyes upon the "fifth column" within and the enemies ranged outside and against his soul. He is startled at the strength they have gained, while he has been dawdling along. He is shown the example of others who have been subjugated. He wakes up to the fact that unless he rebuilds all his defenses he is lost.

And that means sacrifice. The sacrifice of time for prayer and meditation. The sacrifice of penance and mortification, the lack of which has made him soft. The sacrifice of his own pride before the power of God, Who will help him abundantly, but only if he stretches out his hands to receive that power. No enemies within or without a man can break through his defenses if he uses Lent well.

War Aims and Peace Program

Much is appearing in the newspapers these days about "war aims"; the belligerent countries are asked repeatedly to define their "war aims" as a possible basis for peace.

For Catholics who may be puzzled by what they read on the subject, we recommend a close reading of Pope Pius XII. In his first Encyclical, issued more than a year ago, he formulated five definite peace points which must be taken into account in any expression of war aims, if we are to regard them as sincere. These points are, in summary, the following:

1. The right to life and freedom of all nations, both big and small, powerful and weak.
2. Freedom from the heavy slavery of armaments.
3. In creating or reconstituting international institutions, the experience of the past should be kept in mind.
4. For better order in Europe, attention must be given to the true needs and just demands of nations and peoples.
5. Rules, even the best, will not be perfect and will be doomed to failure unless those who govern and the people themselves become permeated with the spirit of good will and thirst and hunger for justice and universal love, which is the final aim of Christian idealism.

In his Christmas allocution the Holy Father complemented these peace points by laying down five indispensable premises for the justice and security of the post-war world:

1. Victory over hatred between nations, and disappearance of systems and actions which breed it. (Unbridled propaganda)
2. Victory over distrust in international law. Return to the loyalty to treaties without which the secure co-operation of nations and especially the living side by side of strong and weak nations, are inconceivable.

3. Victory over the dismal principle that utility is the foundation and aim of Law, and that might is right. This conception does not exclude the desire for the honorable improvement of conditions, or the right to defend oneself if peaceful life has been attacked.

4. Victory over those potential conflicts arising out of disequilibrium of world economy. A new economic order has to be evolved which will give all nations the means to secure for their citizens an appropriate standard of life.

5. Victory over the kind of egoism which, relying on its own power, aims at impairing the honor and sovereignty of nations as well as the sound, just and ordered liberty of individuals. This egoism must be replaced by a genuine Christian solidarity of a legal and economic character, and by a brotherly cooperation of nations, the sovereignty of which has been duly secured.

Catholics will find more than enough food for thought in these conditions for a just and lasting peace, if they apply them to existing conditions and circumstances.

Patriotic Wheaties

The full page advertisement on the back cover of one of our leading national magazines is currently carrying this exhilarating legend: ONCE AGAIN WE'VE GOT A BIG JOB TO DO, WE AMERICANS! There follows close upon the heels of this rallying and ringing cry the words (in finer print) that the secret of doing this BIG JOB efficiently and with the least inconvenience lies in the proper support and the regular consumption of Wheaties. Eat Wheaties and peace will return to the world! At the top of the page there is a picture of four super people, mother and father (god and goddess-like) and two children (the inevitable, everlasting and *only* two children of the advertisements) marching arm in arm towards the setting sun or something, and evidently full to the chin with Wheaties.

The splurge is so disgusting in its whole content and idea that no man with a grain of sense can read it without a feeling of acute nausea.

Worked out by a group of capitalists whose fine ambition of helping the country (at least in the ad) means the high-pressuring of poor people into buying what they do not want and most likely

would never want were it not for the fact that they are almost forced to it by the constant dinning of the word into their ears, it commits the unpardonable crime of fattening the ego of these industrially-bedraggled sheep and of whipping them into grandiose illusions about their own power and world-saving potentialities. Big brother stuff! Straightening out the world stuff before getting back to their slums and \$20 a week jobs and synthetic pleasures that pass for "living!"

But worse than that. Using the love that even the lowliest have for country and home and soil and which must have no unreasoned pushing or prodding if it is to remain clear of the demented cult of "patriotism" as a take off for the selling of something so inane and unessential as a breakfast food is imbecility decked out in the raiment of a queen. One would imagine that even the owners of Wheaties would see this. Devotion to country is too sacred a virtue, too sublime an emotion to be placed in the same box with cheap advertising.

It does not seem that such infantile methods are going to help Wheaties to make more "paper" champions. There are Americans who resent deeply the frivolity of this sort of thing.

Mr. Hollis' Prophecy

Mr. Christopher Hollis, in an article in *The Sign* for March, foretells a vigorous Protestant revival after the present war is over. One of the reasons he gives for this phantastic resurrection from the dead is the inefficiency of Catholic countries "in holding high the torch" against Hitler. He implies that the English are quite thoroughly disgusted with the weak-kneed resistance of Austria (a supposedly Catholic country) and the quick collapse of France (another supposedly Catholic country). As for Italy, the third Catholic country, all know for whom she is fighting.

Insofar as Mr. Hollis is taking over the role of a prophet, there can be no argument with him. He may be right; he may be wrong. No one is able to foretell the future with certainty. However, there can be an argument with his interpretation which he sees as pointing to a Protestant revival.

But to imply that the spread of the Faith depends on the carrying of a gun and the destroying of an enemy is to set oneself up against a rather formidable array of historical facts.

The Roman emperors were greater persecutors of Christianity than is Hitler. They were just as dictatorial in the use of their power and in the arbitrary disposition of human rights. They swept into this land and that and, unconcerned about the founded religion of the new land, proceeded to establish Jupiter Tonans and a host of lesser deities in the public temples as common gods. The Christians did not rise and revolt against the injustices heaped upon them. And yet they increased and multiplied. Though the Roman pagans may have thought, as Mr. Hollis thinks the English Protestants are thinking, "how weak-kneed and cowardly are these Catholics," still, when the days of persecution were over, not even the pre-Hitler methods of Julian the Apostate could bring about a revival of the ancient state religion.

The same historical phenomenon would have taken place, Jaques Maritain seemed to imply a couple of years ago (before his own fatherland became involved), if Spanish Catholics had allowed the Communists to take over their country.

Mr. Hollis, it would seem, is looking at the question from the wrong angle. He is confusing Catholicism with some earthly organization that rises and falls according to earthly standards. A government might lose the respect of the people if it was cowardly, it might even disappear from the face of the earth. But not so the Church. The Church will go on no matter how many of her members are compromisers. God will see to it.

Thus a prophecy about a subject like this is dangerous, especially in view of two thousand years of history. Love of country will make people say strange things.

Faith in the Eucharist

Six centuries ago, long before England was lost to the Faith, Baldwin of Canterbury clearly stated that faith in the Eucharist is a grace from God:

"Two things are very marvelous in this Sacrament: one is, that such deeds should be done by God; the other is, that they should be believed by man. Those who do not believe that they are done by God wonder that they should be believed. But, in truth, God is the Author both of the thing that is believed and of the faith that believes, and God is equally wonderful in both." — *Emmanuel*.

—■■■■■■■■■■■ LIGUORIANA ■■■■■■■■■■■—

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

"HAIL HOLY QUEEN, MOTHER OF MERCY."

Our Confidence in Mary, Our Mother.

It is not without a meaning, or by chance, that Mary's clients call her Mother; and indeed they seem unable to invoke her under any other name, and never tire of calling her Mother. Mother, yes! for she is truly our Mother; not indeed carnally, but spiritually; of our souls and of our salvation.

Sin, by depriving our souls of From: divine grace, deprived The Glories them also of life. of Mary Jesus, our Redeemer, with an excess of mercy and of love, came to restore this life by His own death on the cross, as He Himself declared: *I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly.* He says more abundantly; for according to theologians, the benefit of redemption far exceeded the injury done by Adam's sin. So that by reconciling us with God He made Himself the Father of souls in the law of grace, as it was foretold by the prophet Isaias: *He shall be called the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace.* But if Jesus is the Father of our souls. Mary is also their

Mother; for she, by giving us Jesus, gave us true life; and afterwards, by offering the life of her Son on Mount Calvary for our salvation, she brought us forth to the life of grace.

The *Glories of Mary*, from which the current *Liguoriana* are being taken, is one of the most popular books ever written on the Blessed Virgin, and one of the greatest works of St. Alphonsus Liguori. For a century and a half it has been a Catholic best seller. Those who desire this book for themselves or as a gift for others can secure it for \$1.25 (plus postage) from THE LIGUORIAN.

On two occasions, then, according to the holy Fathers, Mary became our spiritual Mother.

The first, according to Blessed Albert the Great, was when she merited to conceive in her virginal womb the

Son of God. St. Bernardine of Sienna says the same thing more distinctly, for he tells us, "that when at the Annunciation the most Blessed Virgin gave the consent which was expected by the Eternal Word before becoming her Son, she from that moment asked our salvation of God with intense ardor, and took it to heart in such a way, that from that moment, as a most loving mother, she bore us in her womb."

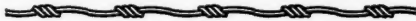
The second occasion on which Mary became our spiritual Mother, and brought us forth to the life of grace, was when she offered to the Eternal Father the life of her beloved Son on Mount Calvary, with so bitter sorrow and suffering. So that St. Augustine declares, that "as she then co-operated by her love in the birth of the

faithful to the life of grace, she became the spiritual Mother of all who are members of the one Head, Jesus Christ." This we are given to understand by the following verse of the sacred Canticles, and which refers to the most Blessed Virgin: *They have made me the keeper in the vineyards; my vineyard I have not kept.* St. William says, that "Mary in order that she might save many souls, exposed her own to death"; meaning that to save us, she sacrificed the life of her Son. And who but Jesus was the soul of Mary? He was her life and all her love. And therefore the prophet Simeon foretold that a sword of sorrow would one day transpierce her own most blessed soul. And it was precisely the lance which transpierced the side of Jesus, who was the soul of Mary. Then it was that this most Blessed Virgin brought us forth by her sorrows to eternal life: and thus we can all call ourselves the children of the sorrows of Mary. Our most loving Mother was always, and in all, united to the will of God. "And therefore," says St. Bonaventure, "when she saw the love of the Eternal Father towards men to be so great that, in order to save them, He willed the death of His Son; and, on the other hand, seeing the love of the Son in wishing to die for us; in order to conform herself to this excessive love of both the Father and the Son towards the human race, she also with her entire will offered, and consented to, the death of her Son, in order

that we might be saved."

It is true that, according to the prophecy of Isaias, Jesus, in dying for the redemption of the human race, chose to be alone, *I have trodden the winepress alone.* But seeing the ardent desire of Mary to aid in the salvation of man, He disposed it so that she, by the sacrifice and offering of the life of her Jesus, should co-operate in our salvation, and thus become the Mother of our souls. This our Saviour signified, when, before expiring, he looked down from the cross on His Mother and on the disciple St. John, who stood at its foot, and, first addressing Mary, He said, *Behold thy son*; as it were saying, Behold, the whole human race, which by the offer thou makest of My life for the salvation of all, is even now being born to the life of grace. Then, turning to the disciple, He said, *Behold thy Mother.* "By these words," says St. Bernardine of Sienna, "Mary, by reason of the love she bore them, became the Mother, not only of St. John, but of all men."

O most loving Mother! O most compassionate Mother! be thou ever blessed; and ever blessed be God, who has given thee to us for our Mother and for a secure refuge in all the dangers of this life. . . . Be of good heart, then, all you who are children of Mary. Remember that she accepts as her children all who choose to be so. Rejoice! Why do you fear to be lost, when such a mother defends and protects you?



New Books and Old

It is a distinct pleasure to see a book so profoundly Catholic as Franz Werfel's *Embezzled Heaven* (Viking) on the best seller lists. It proves once more (if anyone still needs proof) that there can be such a thing as an appealing and artistic Catholic novel. For Mr. Werfel, who is in exile from the lands of Hitler, and who has recently been converted, is uncompromisingly Catholic in the way he develops and brings to a conclusion the main situations in his story. And yet his treatment is so full of tender grace and beauty, he is so understanding of human weakness and human foibles, that the result is that perfect wedding of the real and the ideal which constitutes a genuine work of art. The scene of the story is laid in Austria, just before and after the Hitler invasion, and the chief character is Teta Linek, an old servant woman, who pays for the clerical education of a scapegrace nephew in the belief that thereby, on a strict business basis, she is making certain of a high place in heaven. When, after a number of years, she learns that the nephew had never even been ordained, and had been deceiving her and taking her money during the whole period in order to maintain a very sordid life, the shock is almost too great for Teta, who imagines that the sins of the nephew have been visited on her own conscience. Under the impression that only the Pope can grant her forgiveness, she joins a pilgrimage to Rome, and the last part of the book relates beautifully how, with the help of a zealous young priest, she eventually finds comfort and rest. This of course is only a rough outline of the story; a book like this requires leisurely reading in order to appreciate its full flavor. It has depths of beauty quite unknown to Hemingway and his kind. You can well afford to pass up Hemingway, but don't pass up a chance to read *Embezzled Heaven*.

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGUORIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

Of the books I have read during the last year, I found none more moving than Dorothy Day's *House of Hospitality* (Sheed & Ward, \$2.50). The Catholic Worker group has met with much criticism for some of its activities, but this book is concerned first and foremost with the exercise of charity, and the only criticism you will be inclined to make after reading it will be a severe criticism of yourself. Father James Gillis remarked that it is a book which "gets under your skin," it makes you feel ashamed of living such a comfortable life while so many homeless and hungry men and women are in need of charity. For it is not the theory of charity that is given here—there are a great many books on that subject—but the living practice of charity towards people who are really down and out. The difficulties of working for them, the moments of beauty and the moments of repulsion and depression are described in a simple and yet glowing style. Whatever be the defects of the Catholic Worker group, their charity is in the best tradition of the Church, and should be an inspiration to all Catholics who love their faith.

A book which will prevent you from including all Germans in your condemnation of Hitler is the charming little biography of the Apostle of Vienna, *St. Clement Mary Hofbauer*, by John Carr, C.Ss.R. (Sands). St. Clement lived and worked in Vienna during the first quarter of the last century, and was connected in one way or another with most of the great men of that time and place. Many of them were his penitents. There were enough restrictions put on the Saint by interfering governments, but one grows sad upon reflecting that, if he lived in our day, he would certainly be one of the first to be consigned to a German concentration camp. In those

days Governments interfered with religion—but they had not as yet cast away all belief in religion.

God the Holy Ghost by James F. Carroll, C.S.Sp. (Kenedy, \$2.50) should appeal to many Catholics, for the author succeeds remarkably in popularizing the teachings of Revelation on the "Forgotten Spirit." After an introductory chapter on the Holy Ghost as "gift," which is the best term by which we can represent Him to our minds, he goes on to treat of the Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the Beatitudes (which are the Gifts in action), and the Fruits of the Holy Ghost, which are the good works flowing from the gifts in action. A last section shows the necessity of the action of the Holy Ghost in the Catholic apostolate. *Glory and Strength of the Inner Life* by Dr. Fr. Mack, translated by Sister Mary Aloysi Kiener, S.N.D. (Pustet, \$2.00) has for its purpose, according to the author, to "contribute in some degree towards the deepening of Catholic religious thinking, and to promote a genuine Christian art of living and joy of life." Certainly meditation on the Cross and the Holy Eucharist are among the best possible means to achieve that purpose, and Father Mack relates them in an inspiring way to the duties of every day life and the sorrows that come into everyone's life. The translation by Sister Kiener is very well done. *Happy Hours With Christ*, a book of reflections for the sick, by Clara M. Tiry (Bruce) should be a welcome gift for the heroic little army of invalids who recognize and try to conform themselves to the designs of God in their sufferings. Miss Tiry is the leader of a devoted little group of women in Milwaukee, Wis., who do everything possible to bring consolation to the sick, a work which certainly merits support and encouragement.

Young men preparing for Ordination within the next few months may be interested in a little booklet recently issued by the International Catholic Truth Society, *The Ordination of a Priest*. This little booklet, attractively printed, contains the Rite of Ordination in Latin and English, and a brief explanation of the indulgences granted on the day of Ordination. It is suggested that the booklet be given as a souvenir to relatives and

friends who attend the rite of Ordination, and a suitable inscription is provided for that purpose. The price is 15c each, \$10.00 per hundred copies. Catholics who say special prayers for priests will be interested in two pamphlets on "Priests' Saturday" issued by the Salvatorian Fathers at St. Nazianz, Wis. (5c each). The origin of the devotion, indulgences attached, and special prayers to be said are set forth.—*L. G. M.*

SPECIAL TOPICS

"Students of sociology and all who should be informed in matters sociological will welcome this profound work by so eminent a scholar." Thus the publishers introduced *Catholic Social Theory* by Wilhelm Schwer (Herder, \$2.75). However, we cannot feel that the hope expressed in the preface (that this book will be used as a textbook) will be realized. It is no beginner's book; the treatment of the subject, while touching fundamentals, presupposes quite an ample grasp of social matters. And its method of development scarcely lends itself to the average student, for the principles they must learn do not stand out clearly enough—and certain points are too hazily and shortly treated. Nor does the bibliography distinguish for the readers which authors cited are safe to follow. The book will, however, be of use to the teacher and the advanced student.

Another recent arrival—*Sociology*, by Willigan and O'Connor (Longmans, Green & Co., \$2.00)—seems very good as a textbook. Here we find a quite thorough consideration of man as a social being and in his social relations and group activities that should be readily grasped by the student. It is all treated from the Catholic viewpoint—an important point—since the Church is the Teacher of all mankind in whatever has a moral content. Thus the quotations from the Papal Encyclicals are abundant, thereby showing the reader how these documents apply to the conditions envisioned by the Popes. Up-to-date problems are discussed and their solutions indicated. What should especially commend it is this: each chapter closes with a summary, a list of definitions, projects and bibliography, while at the end of the book there is an excellent "Critical Essay on Authorities."
—*J. A. B.*

Lucid Intervals

As the doorman ran down to open the limousine door, he tripped and rolled down the last four steps.

"For heaven's sake, be careful," cried the club manager, "they'll think you're a member."

*

"Does the razor hurt, sir?" inquired the barber, anxiously.

"Can't say," replied the victim, testily, "but my face does."

*

The blacksmith was instructing a novice in the way to treat a horseshoe.

"I'll bring the shoe from the fire and lay it on the anvil. When I nod my head you hit it with this hammer."

The apprentice did exactly as he was told, but he'll never hit a blacksmith again!

*

"Were any of your boyish ambitions ever realized?"

"Yes. When my mother used to cut my hair I often wished I might be bald-headed."

*

A census clerk, in scanning over the form to see if it had been properly filled up, noticed the figures 120 and 112 under the headings, "Age of Father, if living," and "Age of Mother, if living."

"But your parents were never so old, were they?" asked the astonished clerk.

"No," was the reply, "but they would have been, if living."

*

"What's the idea of the Greens having French lessons?"

"They have adopted a French baby, and want to understand what she says when she begins to talk."

*

The reporter was sent to write up a charity ball. Next day the editor called him to his desk.

"Look here, what do you mean by this? 'Among the most beautiful girls was Henry Lewis Bottomley.' Why, you crazy idiot! Old Bottomley isn't a girl—and besides he's one of our principal stockholders."

"I can't help that," returned the realistic reporter. "That's where he was."

Friend: "Why have you the general in such a peculiar pose?"

Sculptor: "You see, it was started as an equestrian statue, and then the committee found they couldn't afford the horse."

*

A farmer on his first visit to New York came out of the Grand Central Station into the confusion of Forty-second Street, and after standing somewhat bewildered for a few minutes walked over to a traffic officer and said, "Mister, I want to go to Central Park."

"All right," said the officer. "You can go this time, but don't you ever, ever ask me again."

*

"The word 'reviver' spells the same backwards and forwards," said the frivolous man. "Can you think of another?"

The serious man scowled. "Tutttut!" he cried contemptuously.

And they rode on in silence.

*

Excitable Party (at telephone): "Hello? Who is this? Who is this, I say?"

Man at Other End: "Haven't got time to guess riddles. Tell me yourself who you are."

*

"Why didn't you deliver that message as instructed?" a man asked his servant.

"I did th' best I could, sir."

"The best you could! Why, if I had known I was going to send a donkey, I would have gone myself."

*

A man was tuning in on the radio, when he got a sudden twinge of pain in his back.

"I believe I'm getting lumbago!" he exclaimed.

"What's the use," answered his wife, "You won't understand a word they say."

*

"Yes," said the pickpocket to his cellmate. "That lawyer agreed to defend me. But he wouldn't take on the case until I paid something down."

"What did you do?"

"Well, I told him I had no money. So he insisted that I give him my watch."

"Did he keep it?"

"He thinks he did."